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No. 125.

Clash! rung the snaky swords, and the combat opened. "MR. HEROD DEAN:
"SIR—This will inform you of a fact of which, evidently, you have been ignorant, up to this time. Estelle Berkely is the betrothed of a time. Estelle Berkely is the betrothed of a gentleman. She—whom you have been following so persistently, and annoying in a manner foreign to the acts of an honorable man—has grown tired of your haunting presence, which has, in her opinion, assumed the proportion of an insult. The matter has been referred to me; and I, as her afflanced husband, demand that opportunity for satisfaction, at a weapon's point, which no man, unless he be a coward, will refuse. My representative will call to confer with yours, before noon, to morrow. For reasons that you will admit, this had best be retained a strict secret.

"Hubert Wyne,"
"Lord Chauncy."

PEARL OF PEARLS;

CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., Author of "Hoodwinked," "Flaming Talisman," "Hercules, the Hunchback," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUEL IN THE GARDEN.

A SUITE of rooms in the English Metropolis-in what particular locality is of no moment to the reader. It was night-an ugly night, of damp, and wet, and chill; when starving beggars shivered and groaned, and the higher class

drew near to their warm hearths. A man of muscular build, and aristocratic mien, sat before the glowing grate, with elbows on his knees, and chin bowed to his hands, while he fixed an unwavering stare

on the burning coals. He was alone; yet not alone, for reverie -that great producer of mystical images, and visions of the past-was conjuring pictures, with human forms in their center, so real, so familiar, that it would seem as if they must have heard his addresses when, at last, low words came slowly from his

America!-far, far land. Ah! I think I see it, beyond the vast waters—see it as I left it; like a thing of life, begging me not to go, and whispering of its smiles and joys, while my own conscience was prophe-sying this after-regret. Cherished friends; familiar scenes—how have I deserted you! to accept the companionship of strangers, whose looks are chills, whose presence lowing:

some chatter; shall I ever see you again? No, no; I am dead!—dead! And for what? Why did I abandon that which would have made me happy? Weak, weak man that I am!—knowing of my sin, yet helpless in the coils; pursuing a phantom; chasing a gem with wings, that eludes or evades me, ever luring, ever tantalizing-like a boy who will race after a butterfly, hither and thither, till the insect soars beyond his reach, and its would-be possessor falls the earth, exhausted. Am I crazy? What is this infatuation but madness? One moment, she favors me with smiles-the next, she frowns at my presumption. And I am never nearer; she keeps me from her; while I still linger, like a dog, at her heels, or a slave who would die at her command. Estelle! Estelle! would that you were dead! Then, and only then, would this horrible spell which is upon me be broken—

Bidding the girl retire, he broke the escutcheoned seal. Then his face paled, as he read the fol-

brings no cheer. Wife!—child! Oh, that Pearl were here! Pearl!—sweet little Pearl! with your laughing eyes and win-

A rap at the door had cut short his mus-ings, and the servant of the house entered,

The note fell fluttering to the carpet.
"Her affianced husband! A duel!" He enunciated the words as one will who can

enunciated the words as one will who can scarce believe his senses.

"My God!—that this should be the woman—so beautiful, so fascinating—that I have made myself an outcast to follow!—only to follow, and live where I could look at her; know she recognized my presence. It was but a few hours ago that she bade me good-night—all smiles, all sweetness—and gave her hand to the passente of my line; and now see the tongue and gave her hand to the passionate pressure of my lips; and now, ere the tongue of the clock strikes twelve, I am challenged on her account—ay, it is at her request—by her affianced husband! This is the hardest blow of all—well, am I fit to live? But, stop; I will fight him! I will wrench his heart out with my sword!—Pll laugh at her!—no, no, no; wait: what should I do? I can not avoid it—"
"Fight! (hic) Fight who? What's the

"Fight! (hic) Fight who? What's the matter here, Dean? I say, (hic) what's the row? Why, bless my heart! you're white as a tombstone, and look mad as a bull in the—(hic)—the arena!"

The speaker was a man several years the junior of Herod Dean, and who had enter-ed the room just at the conclusion of the other's outburst.

His hat was on the back of his head, hair disheveled, and general appearance and stagger indicating that he was right from the "club," with brain rather the worse for liquor.

The two were room-mates.
"Read that," said Dean, in reply, pointing to the crumpled paper at his feet. The young man picked it up.
"O-h, a duel!" he exclaimed.
"Yes—a duel." Herod Dean was lean-

ing against the mantel-piece, again looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Well, are you going to fight?"
"Am I?"—suddenly and forcibly.
I look like a coward, Percy Wolfe?"

"Aw-(hic)-n-o; can't say you do," with a half-grave, half-comical survey of You will be my second," continued

slightly familiar with such matters, for he immediately added, in a business man-

ner:
"You'd better go to work now—make out your will, and so forth, you know. See, there's no telling how these things will turn out; and, in case you are unfortunate, why it's better to prevent trouble among relations by putting law on paper—"
"I attended to that some time ago."

"Oh! did you?" in surprise.

"Yes." Then Dean advanced, and laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Percy Wolfe," he said, very solemnly,

"You are an American, like myself."

"I believe I am," wonderingly.

Wolfe appeared to recover, as if by magic, from the influence of his liquor.

"You are going back to your native soil next week?"

"Wolfe," eying him steadfastly, and wolle," eying him steadfastly, and speaking with much emotion, "I have a little girl over there—my child. I love her as a father only can love. A short time ago I sent my will, with a letter, to a friend—a man who was my mate at college—instructing him to think of me as dead, and have there think the same. In that will I are others think the same. In that will I provided for my daughter. Her name is Pearl. I believe that Claude Paine, the friend of whom I speak, is honorable. Yet, Percy, I want you to promise me that when you reach America, you will find my precious Pearl and see if every thing is right."

"This is news!" exclaimed Wolfe, in astonishment. "You never told me that you were a father."

"It has been a secret-and you shall learn that secret presently. But, will you promise? will you find Pearl Rochestine, at

Washington, and see that she has her The promise was given. Then the two sat there, through the remainder of the night, till the gray shades of dawn were creeping in at the windows, discussing the preliminaries to the duel; and in that time Herod Dean made known his ife-secret to this warm, faithful friend,

Lord Chauncy's second was prompt to call before noon, and the affair of meeting

was satisfactorily arranged between that worthy and Wolfe. Twelve hours later. When the bell of a distant clock pro-claimed eleven, Herod Dean and his friend

left their rooms, and proceeded toward the spot agreed upon. The house occupied by Lord Chauncy was an ancient-looking edifice, standing alone, and surrounded by an extensive gar-

In this garden were many places admirably adapted to the coming scene; but one especially, between three monstrous shrub-Dean.
"Of course I will!" And Wolfe was been selected by the nobleman. The ground was hard and smooth; the

situation was screened.

There was a moon in the starry sky, that seemed to pour a saddened radiance on the place; and an occasional waft of wind whispered mournfully through the leafless,

whispered mournifully through the leafless, spectral trees and bare-stalked shrubs.

Two men were waiting—one engaged in rubbing a long, sharp sword with a piece of chamois skin; and the other, gloomy and silent, gazing in the direction of the gate.

Soon the other parties were on hand; and—doing away with useless prelude—the enemies were placed, weapon in hand, face to face.

to face.

"Lord Chauncy," said Dean, "remember that this quarrel is of your seeking. I am no coward; yet, to shed blood is a serious thing. And I ask if there is no other way

"Guard!" was the answer, sharp and savage, as the speaker advanced quickly.
"Look to yourself—"
Clash! rung the snaky swords, and the combat opened.

Both were good swordsmen, the metch

Both were good swordsmen; the match, in point of strength, was equal.

Circling and darting, ringing and scraping, twisting, twining, whirling, like two supple snakes, whizzed and coiled the dueling

swords in the hands of their masters; and nothing was heard but the whizzing, striking sound and deep breathing of the combatants. Suddenly Dean slipped. His weapon fell slightly. Quick as a flash, the Englishman lunged at the exposed breast of his antagonist, and pierced him through and through.

The stricken man reeled backward, tossed his arms wildly aloft, and fell into the arms of Percy Wolfe, who sprung to catch him.

"Wolfe! Wolfe!" he articulated, in a choking voice, "remember your promise! God! I am dying!"

"Horace Rochestine, I will remember!" whispered Percy

whispered Percy.
Lord Chauncy was coolly wiping his

sword.

Two figures were approaching rapidly from the house—a man and woman. When they came up, the latter asked:

"Is it over?"

"Yes," and the Englishman continued, addressing her companion: "There he is, doctor. You had best be quick in removing him."

Wolfe would have preferred to bury his friend; but, as the occurrence might possi-bly become known, and as there existed such bonds of secrecy, he made no ob when the medical gentleman called for assistance, and lifted Dean in his arms.

The motionless form was borne out at the gate, and placed behind the cloth screen of a gig that was in waiting, and the doctor

drove off with his ghastly charge.

Lord Chauncy turned to the woman, who, by his side, was watching the retreating forms.

"Come, Estelle," he said, "let us return to the house. Dany," to his second, "bring both swords." Percy Wolfe embarked for America on a day of the following week. And on the day after his departure, there was an officer

of the law in dialogue with the lady of the house where he had roomed. The object of his visit was to ask:
"Where is Herod Dean? When did his 'chum,' Percy Wolfe, leave here?"

CHAPTER II.

NEWS OF A DEATH. HARK! The bells!

New Year's Day at the National Capital; heralded by the Metropolitan chimes—a new greeting for the season here, and one of sweet solemnity.

The weather was dull, damp and sickly. The weather was dull, damp and sickly. But this mattered nothing; "society" conquered the whisperings of discretion, and moved, as it ever will, despite inclement skies, in keeping with the laws of festivity ensuent upon the last, parting scene of the Old Year's Christmas month.

Here, where Fashion would seem to center its rarest pictures during the Holidays, and smile with all the charmed radiance of woman's loveliness, the day was lively, and the gloomy clouds forgotten by pleasure-bent votaries of sociability.

A house, not much more than the distance of an arrow-shot from Lafayette Square and which escaped mention among the long list that appeared in the Gazette—was glit-tering in its interior; with broad salons ar-ranged in all the lavish grandeur of wealth and taste, and liveried sons of Ebon-skin flitting hither and thither, in useful capaci-

ties.

The callers had been many at this point;

The callers had been many at this point; and yet the shining tables groaned beneath their weight of delicacies—rich wines and fruits, and all that could intoxicate a guest

by sight, scent, or indulgence. But now there was a calm. The merry voices that had only a few moments previous awakened echoes of jest, or drawn a companion, in pleasant argument, through the dreamy bowers of Erudition, had ceased; and the gorgeous surroundings looked bare without their recent foreground of grouping humans. All had disappeared-

Seated at a piano, her elbow on the mirrored wood, and face resting in her jeweled hand, was a woman—a queen, it would appear, well fitted to reign in this modern

Temple of Delight. As her head bowed, and one hand lay carelessly on the keys, her attitude was one of thought—full of grace, a subject for an

A brunette, and beautiful.



She had been thus ever since she bade adieu to the last departing visitor; with eyelids drooping and brilliant orbs dreamily lustering behind the silken lash; and strange, strange meditations were training through her mind.

Presently there sounds a light footfall on the carpet. She roused with a start.

"Pearl—it is you?"

"Yes, mamma. I'm tired playing all by myself; and I have been alone, for Jessie said she must go see her sick mother."

A fairy it was who spoke; a child of not more than fourteen years, yet with a face that told of an intellect almost womanly, and beaming in all the sweetness of a soul

Over her smooth, white shoulder, that rose like a hill of tinted snow above the costly trimming of her low-cut bodice, there fell a misty profusion of flaxen hair; her features, like her form—with eyes of blue, brows of jet, lips of red, and teeth as pure as the name she bore—all these, augmented by the glow of health, made up a picture of

heavenly mold.
"I told Jessie she must not leave you," returned the woman to the child's last

speech.
"Oh, mamma! but her mother was sick You wouldn't want her to stay away, would you? And you won't be angry with her for you? And you won't be angry with her for it? Why, if you was sick, I'd come to you no matter what happened."
"Would you, Pearl?"

" Yes, I would.' The dark-eyed beauty drew Pearl toward her, and bent to kiss the pure forehead; though that kiss was cold and the action

But you must not stay here, Pearl. There may be visitors at any moment; and mamma would rather you did not see rude men, and hear how they talk. Go now—"
"But, it's so lonely all by myself!" inter-

rupted the child. Here's a letter for Mrs. Rochestine," said a servant, who came in at that junc-ture, with a missive on a heavy salver. "It was got out of the post-office early this

morning by the man you sent there."

While Pearl gazed silently into the face of the queenly woman she had called "mamma," the latter broke the fancy seal of the

envelope, and tore it open.

"Why, mamma, how red your cheeks are!" exclaimed the girl.
"Are they, pet? Ha! ha!" a laugh that was unnatural, even in its music; "well it's the heat of the room, and the excite ment I have been through. Your cheeks would be red, too, if you had all to do that I have been doing this morning-'

Oh, how I wish I could try and see!" order, now I wish I could try and see:
broke in Pearl, while a hopeful light came
into her deep-blue eyes. "Don't you think
I might help you entertain? I know I'm
only a foolish little girl, mamma; but it's not so very hard to be good-humored, and maybe some one would not think it a hard task to talk with me-

"There, there, Pearl; go, go now, child. Hark! some one is coming. Don't you see I wish to be alone?" the last with a slight show of impatience.

Pearl glanced at her keenly for a second, then, with a little sigh, she turned away. When Isabel Rochestine was alone, she opened the letter and read it. It was postmarked Baltimore, Dec. 31st.

The tinge on her cheeks mantled higher, as she perused the lines on the paper, and her full bosom heaved with a warmth occasioned by the words of the perfumed mis-

At last she placed it to her lips, kissing it passionately, and cried, half-aloud:
"He is coming! coming! will be here to-Claude! would that I were free! would that you knew how madly, madly I love you!" and again and again she pressed the letter to her lips, imprinting kisses on the name at the bottom of the sheet.

A tinkle of the door-bell checked her outburst, and she listened, holding her breath to the footfalls of the comer in the hall. "It is he!-Claude!"

A tall, broad-shouldered man, handsome in figure, attractive in face, with bright piercing hazel eyes, and curly hair of similar hue; white, even teeth glistening beneath a luxuriant mustache; elastic in movement, and with a bearing of command.

This was Claude Paine, the writer of the letter, who entered the saloon parlor, and stood before the woman who expected him. But, her manner was altered. All traces of that eagerness and momentary excitement which, a second previous, had possessed her, now vanished. She was calm

smiling, courteous merely, as she extended a hand in greeting. "Ah! Mrs. Rochestine-let me hope you

are enjoying all the pleasures of 'the sea A happy New Year." 'And for you, I wish the same. Be seat-

"By the contents of your card-basket, I

judge you have not been lonely to-day," he said, drawing up a chair.

"Oh, no!" laughing lightly. "To be candid—with you—I am almost tired of shaking hands, listening to compliments, and taying my brains to entertein those few and taxing my brains to entertain those few bores who seem to have nothing to say when they enter a lady's parlor. It is fortunate this occurs only once a year.

"Fortunate for your endurance, perhaps, Mrs. Rochestine; but—but—" Well? Another piece of flattery, I suppose? You are merciless as the rest."
"It is unfortunate for others that New

Year's day does not come around more frequently."
"Why, pray?"

"Can you ask? Is it not a source of happiness to be near one whom we admire?" She arched her brows.

"Even though we must be content oft-times with one-half of that admiration unspoken," he added; and continued, after a bause, during which his eyes seemed to read her inmost thoughts:

Once under the influence of your society, Mrs. Rochestine, it is severe for a weak mortal to realize, that—"

"Your trip, Mr. Paine?" she interrupted. "Had you a pleasant one?" Her cheeks were dyed in blushes, and a strange, mesmeric sensation crept over her, as, by a mighty effort, she compelled her

A peculiar expression flitted across his face; but it was gone instantly, when he replied to her question.

Yes, a very pleasant trip, indeed—that is, in one sense.

'And quite unpleasant in another." He looked gravely at her, and she saw that he hesitated in communicating some-

"What is it, Mr. Paine?"
"I regret exceedingly that I should be bearer—"

"No matter; tell me. What is it?"

"Bad news—very bad," he uttered, slow-ly, now gazing down, as if to avoid her anxious look.

Tell—me!" two low, breathless words, the color began to recede from her

"Mrs. Rochestine, I beg of you receive, as calmly as possible, what I am about to say.
Your husband—" "My husband?" quickly.

Is—is—"
Mr. Paine, will you speak!"

"He is dead."
"Dead!" the words came spasmodically, and she gazed in doubt.

Feeling that he had gotten over the greatest difficulty, he went on with more ease:

"Yes; by a letter from a friend of mine, which I received while in New York, I learn that Horace Rochestine died in London some months ago of force." There don, some months ago, of fever. There was a paper inclosed, too, announcing his decease. You have my sincerest sympathy and condolence—ha! you are sick, Mrs. Rochestine! Permit me."

He hastily poured a glass full of wine, and proffered it to her; for she was pale, and swayed dizzily in her scat.

But, Isabel Rochestine forgot, for the mo-

ment, that he was present.

It was not alone this news of the death of her husband that worked upon her, as she stared, in a vacant way, at the carpet; other thoughts were consuming her mind inevitably aroused by the unexpected intel-ligence. From paleness, her face changed back to its dye of crimson; her veins were heated, her bosom rose and fell with quick, short respirations; and from her lips issued a scarce audible whisper-one word:

Free !" It was not meant for other ears; but Claude Paine heard it, and a starting thrill passed over him as he drew a step nearer her chair, and fixed a deep, deep glance on the bowed head of this beautiful woman.

CHAPTER III.

A MEETING IN THE DARK. NECESSARILY passing over the day, until

we reach an hour after nightfall, we turn to the long, low bridge that stretches over the Eastern Branch and leads to quiet

Near by the "draw," thickly muffled-not so much on account of cold, as to defy the searching damp which lurked, like a curseful malaria, on the bosom of the dark water-a man was pacing restlessly to and fro, at times straining his eyes in the direction of the north end of the bridge, and ut

tering impatient syllables.
"It is time he showed himself!" he exclaimed, at last, pausing and gazing stead-fastly along the outline of the white railing, "He is behind time; and I have waited till

I can be patient no longer."
And then the head of the solitary personage hung forward, and he continued, in a

musing strain:
"What if he should disappoint me? His letter told me to be punctual, and he is the tardy one. In Baltimore, yesterday, eh? Been to New York? I wonder what excuse he will make to Isabel Rochestine, for the unexplained absence and silence of her husband? And I wonder what the dence that he should be so anxious for me to secure a woman who is willing to go away, with a child? It's just like Claude

Pame—he always was a mystery to me. But it pays me to hold my tongue, do his bidding, and so retain his friendship; and I don't care beyond that. Ah! that's him, which had startled him, resumed: now.

A second figure was on the bridge; the rapid thud of heels told the comer was approaching hastily.
"Is that you, Paine?"

Yes—Derrick?"
Ay. What kept you?" " Am Tlate?"

"Rather!"-dryly. "What's been the 'Not now: wait until we get to the ren

"Yes; and every thing is fixed."

"Yes; and every thing is fixed."

They were walking swiftly, arm in arm, toward the drug-store light, that shone like a brilliant beacon at the south end.

"All fixed als? Sha's william to see

All fixed, ch? She's willing to go-"Yes, for good pay."
"Till attend to that portion, never fear."

When they were off the bridge they turn-ed to the left through Uniontown—passing the spectral Willow above the bakery shop, and taking a "short cut" across the lots, in the direction of the steep hills that rear at the back of the little burgh. "Our precautions are none too soon," said

"What do you mean? Your letter was

very mysterious."

"Ha! ha! Was it? Well, you shall be 'posted' directly. I have made better progress than I anticipated. But, I say,

Striking a worm-like road which led up the steep ascent, they continued briskly on with hardly a word. As they neared a house that surmounted one of the tree-bared eminences, the music of guitars and violins reached their ears, and they quick-ened their pace, lest some straggler, drawn thither by the sound, should discover and

Hurry, Derrick." "I'm hurrying all I can, along this treacherous place. I guess nobody's going to see us. But, I say, while other people are hav-ing fun, we'll plot, eh?" alluding to the merry company assembled in the house at

Close to Fort Staunton stands a dilapidated frame building, with a crumbling porch half-way round it—a signal-office at one time, perhaps, but now, with the deserted fort, one of the lonely monuments of the recent Rebellion—a point of elevation where the distant city's lights could be seen gleam-ing and reflecting like the scintillations

from a fairy realm. This was, evidently, the place of rendezvous mentioned by Claude Paine; for, asscending the rickety steps at one side, the two men balted.

A third party awaited them here-a woman, who stepped forward as they came

up.
"Here we are, Cassa," said the man named Derrick, in a low tone.

"An' here I is, too," returned the woman, briefly; and, by her thick, guttural voice, we discover her to be a negress.

"I've brought the gentleman who is to

make the arrangement with you," he pur-

"Who is de gen'leman? What his

name?"
"Mr. Claude Paine." "Mr. Claude Paine," repeated the ne-gress, quickly; and had it not been for the darkness we might have noticed a start, a strain of the eyes, as if to see the features of the one with whom she was about to

"Has Mr. Derrick told you what I want you to do?"

you to do?"

"Tole me come; didn' say what you's goin' to give me, dough."

"If you take the child where it may never be seen by me again, I'll pay you two hundred dollars. And, besides, if you keep me informed of your whereabouts, I'll allow you sufficient funds, monthly, to live comfortably on. But, mind, there must be no half-way management, about it. I will no half-way management about it. I will have to deceive the child, in order to get her away; and when she finds out the trick she may try to escape you. In that case, you will, perhaps, have to resort to pretty stern measures. Are you ready to act?"

"I is."
"Very well. Now, remember: I shall take the child to the depot, to-morrow afternoon; will be on hand in time for the 5:40 train. See that you are promptly there.

Have you good clothes?"
"Nothin' but dese rags." "Nothin but dese rags.
"Then here is money to begin with. Buy
a decent outfit, and look respectable when
you meet me. Strike a match, Derrick."
Derrick ignited a lucifer, and held it so that his companion could see to extract some money from his pocket-book.

Paine drew forth twenty dollars and reached it toward her. But he paused, with hand outstretched, and eyes riveted on the face of the negress; and something in her black countenance, her peculiar poise, her strange glance—or all three combined—perplexed him.

The match sputtered itself out; the spell was backen.

was broken. "Here-take it. You may go now, Be

sure that you do not disappoint me.
"Where is I to take de chile?" "Anywhere. The further off the better."
Mumbling some sort of promise to fulfill
her part, Cassa, the negress, turned from
them, descended the steps of rotten wood and rickety build, and presently vanished in the gloom.
"Derrick," said Paine, thoughtfully, when

they were alone, "I've seen that woman before somewhere." "The deuce you have? Impossible!—why, they all look alike to me. I guess you're mistaken.

No, I'm not; I'm sure of it." "Well, I don't suppose it makes much difference, if you have. Tell me about your visit to-day. You said, in your letter, that you'd call on Isabel Rochestine as soon as you got here.'

"And so I did. Derrick—I can't get that woman out of my mind. Did she tell you where she lived?" "Over in Howard Town. But, pshaw quit your nonsense. What of Horace

-quit your nonsense. "I heard from him." " Well?

"He's dead."
"Eh?—no?" ".'Sh! not so loud. What's that ?" There was a rustling of leaves and twigs, among the undergrowth, at one side of the little house, and Paine pointed toward the spot from whence came the sound.

"It's nothing Perhaps a stray dog—yes; I told you so."

The shrill bark, of a curr not many yards.

The shrill bark of a cur, not many yards off, broke the ominous silence which surrounded them; and Claude Paine, satisfied

Yes, Horace Rochestine is dead-dead to the world; at least, he said in his letter to me, that he wished me to circulate the rumor, as he would never again return to

"Phew!" exclaimed Derrick, with a whistle

"He inclosed his will, too."
Paine was still thoughtful in manner, as if his mind dwelt simultaneously on other things.
"Don't say so? Then he is still infatua-

ted with the Englishwoman?"
"Yes. He says he must be considered dead by those who knew him in America; and means to begin life anew in London under another name. But this will is the thing, Derrick."

"What about it?" "We know that Horace Rochestine never did love Isabel, his present wife; that the marriage was made up between the two families, after the death of his first wifehence, his easy yielding to the fascinating charms of a woman far more beautiful than

"Yes; but what has that got to do with the will?" "A great deal. He has not left Isabel one penny of his wealth."
"H-o!"

"Every thing goes to the child of his first wife-every thing.' "That's Pearl?"

"And what do you propose? Are you going to prove as good a friend as he thinks

'Am I a fool, Dorsey Derrick! Of course I love Isabel Rochestine—after my own way -but if she is not going to bring me any thing in money, I would rather let her alone. She has very little of her own; since her father, when he died—the old ass!
—left the bulk of his accumulations to charitable purposes.

"You will marry her, then?"
"Certainly I shall. When a man's will is made out, and he is believed to be dead, there can hardly be much harm in marry-ing his widow! That is why I wrote to you, to secure a woman who could serve me. I must get Pearl out of the way." "That's it, eh? Well, now, I was won-

"As I said, I have made wonderful progress. You and I will soon be sailing in smooth waters, Derrick, with plenty of

"And you won't 'shake' your old friend, now that you are getting along so fine?"
"'Shake' you, Derrick! If I do, may I

The two grasped hands, and then, after a few more words, started away from the spot, pursuing a different route this time to reach the main road.

As they skulked along by the fence, between the two houses on the hills, a party of ladies and gentlemen crossed their path; but, soon these were out of sight, and they again moved forward-ere long reaching the bridge, and crossing over into the city

But, it was not a dog that had startled

the plotters, when they stood on the porch of the deserted house. They were no sooner gone than a figure emerged from the bushes, and moved down the hill, by an

opposite path.
It was Cassa, the negress

(To be continued.) Lightning Jo: The Terror of the Santa Fe Trail. A TALE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NE HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR TAMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LONELY CAMP-FIRE. That twinkling light of a camp-fire at such a time as this, and in such a place, was enough to make any one cautious, and Egbert Rodman approached it as stealthily as a Comanche would have done himself. He was somewhat surprised when yet some distance away to observe that there was a single person sitting near it, in the attitude, either of deep meditation or of in-

tense listening.
"There must be others close at hand, or else he is not aware of the danger he runs, muttered the young man, as he continued his advance. "Strange! but there is something about him that reminds me of Light-ning Jo, and," he added, the next moment, "Lightning Jo it is; helloa! old fellow,

"Lightning Jo it is; helloa! old fellow, how came you here?"

And forgetful of all else for the time, except his delight in seeing the true and tried comrade, Egbert Rodman rushed forward to give him appropriate greeting.

He saw at once that something was the matter with the scout. He was sitting upon a large stone, with his rifle between his knees, and supporting his chin, was looking absently into the fire, like one whose thoughts were entirely removed from his present surroundings. He merely looked up at the spontaneous greeting of the young friend from whom he had become separated some time before, and staring at him for a moment, again lowered his gaze without saying a word or shifting his posiwithout saying a word or shifting his posi-

But, if he was in a sullen, thoughtful mood, Egbert was not, nor did he intend to keep any prolonged silence in deference to such a whim. He believed he understood the scout well enough to know how to approach him, and in a cheery manner, free from any rude familiarity, he placed himself beside him, and touching his shoulder,

"Come, Jo, don't sit idle here. You seem to be depressed; but rally, and tell me what the matter is."

The scout seemed to appreciate the consideration shown him, and straightening up, he heaved a great sigh, looked fixedly at his young friend again, but still refused to speak. Egbert was determined to press the

"What is it that troubles you, Jo? Come, out with it; what are you thinking about?"
"Little Lizzie Manning!" was the reply of
the scout, in a voice that was sepulchral in

its solemnity.

The shaft of a Comanche's poisoned arrow, driven to the heart of Egbert Rodman, row, driven to the heart of Egyert Rodman, could not have startled him more than did this reply. He gave a gasp as if of pain, and almost fell to the earth, before he could compose himself sufficiently to sit down and collect his thoughts. When he did so, he looked across from the apposite side of he looked acros

the camp-fire, and asked, pleadingly:

"What about her, Jo? Is she living or
dead? Can you tell me what has become
of her? Don't keep me in suspense." You didn't seem in quite so much sushe remarked. pense a little while ago," he remarked, somewhat resentfully; and then, as if regretting the words, he hastened to add, in

a more considerate voice: That's just the trouble, Roddy; you know when the fresh came, we hadn't any time to look after each other, but we went spinning down the kenyon as if Old Nick was arter us. I heerd you yell, and of course you heerd my answer, but there wasn't much to be seen then, and so we each kept on sailing on our own hook."
"But Lizzie! did you hear nothing of

her?" inquired the breathless lover.
"Yes; I did hear her," replied Jo, with another sigh; "some time arter that I heerd

her call out somebody's name."
"Whose was it?" asked Egbert, with a painful throb of his heart, and a staring, eager look that brought a wan smile to the face of Jo for the instant, but passing instantly as he made answer.

"As near as I could make out, it was your'n. In course, you didn't hear it, but as I did, I called back to her, and she know'd me on the instant. I axed her how she was fixed, and she said she was on the back of her horse, but had no idea where she was going, or how it was possible for her to get out of this scrape. You can understand that it wasn't very easy to gabble at such a time, with the roar of the kenyon in your ears. I told her to hang on to her hoss, no matter where he went, and there was a chance of her getting through somewhere. At the same time I didn't think there was much chance of any one ever coming out of that place alive. I could tell by the sound of the gal's voice that she wasn't very far away, and I worked as never a poor wretch worked before to get to her. I tired my hoss out, and when we got down to that 'ere lake, or whatever you're a mind to call it, I struck out for myself. minute I left the mustang, I sung out to her, but I didn't hear any answer. I yelled ag'in and ag'in, but it warn't no use, and I swum ashore and made up my mind—well, no—confound it!" added the scout, fretfully, "I haven't made up my mind, either, that the little gal has been drowned, and we ain't never more to hear her sweet voice That's what I've been feeling, and what I was thinking about when you come snead ing up so sly that you thought nobody could "You think then that there is a possibili-

"Well, there's the trouble," returned Lightning Jo, with something of his old familiar look. "When I set to thinking about it, I can't see any way under heaven by which she could have come ant align. by which she could have come out alive and I s'posed I couldn't have seen any way how you folks were ever to get out of Dead Man's Gulch, if I could have knowed how things was there. It is mighty hard, and you feel it, too, if you thought half as much of that little gal as I do."

Poor Egbert was inexpressibly shocked at Poor Egoert was inexplessed such this remark, and looked reprovingly at the scout. He made no reply, and assumed a thoughtful attitude upon the other side of the small camp-fire; but just then the scout

roused up.
"Confound it! what's the use? I ain't going to make a fool of myself! This will

And stretching and yawning, he suddenly raised his voice, and emitted his peculiar yell, that rung among and through the rocks, gorges and ravines with a power that must have carried it a long distance over the prairie

the prairie.

"What in the name of heaven do you mean by that?" asked the astounded Rodman, suspecting that he was out of his head. "Some of the poor dogs may have managed to crawl out as did you, and that'll tell them where to look for me. What do you spose I kindled this fire for?"

"To dry your clothes and keep the chill

"Not a bit of it; the night ain't cold, and there's nothing in damp clothes that you or I need mind. If it hadn't been fur you or I need mind. If it hadn't been furthese sticks burning, you'd never found your way here, and it may do the same for others. No, Roddy," said Jo, in a more natural voice, "we've got nothin' to do but to wait where we are till morning. Then well take your week oring, and make a sa'rah. we'll take our reckoning, and make a se'rch

"And never give up till we find her, dead or alive," added Egbert, in a low,

earnest voice. That's the style. I'm with you there. I s'pose you feel a little hungry and tired?"
"I have hardly had time to think of such a thing as hunger, while I have become sensible of the weariness only after seating myself here-wondering all the time how it was you managed to have such a fire in

so short a time."
"No trouble 'bout that; you see I come down ahead of all the rest, and I wa'n't in the basin two seconds afore I paddled out. Two been in these hills so often before that I know 'em purty well, but there was a lit-tle too much darkness for me to make out where I was. I pitched over a half-dozen precipices something less than a mile high, and finally lit here. It wa'n't any trouble to start a fire, as this rain was a quick and not a soaking one. Falling right on the top of things, it floated off, and I found all the

dried leaves I wanted; and after they was started the rest was easy enough."

It came out further, that overwhelmingly sudden as was the flood that overtook them in the canon, it had not found Lightning Jo unprepared. His rifle was securely "corked" at the muzzle, so as to keep out the water, and his ammunition and a quantity of water-way all preserved in waterof matches were all preserved in water-proof casings, so that, barring the satura-tion of his garments, he came out of the ter-

that caused him scarcely a thought. The mustang was so well trained that if he succeeded in escaping with his own life, he would manage to find his master with little difficulty; and in case he had perished. difficulty; and, in case he had perished, there was no dearth of animals in the West, and there was little fear of Lightning Jo suffering long for such a part of his outfit

As Egbert saw his companion heap more fuel on the fire, he could not avoid the thought that he was incurring great risk thereby, as both of them were rendered the best of targets for any skulking foe.

There were trees growing around, most of them of a stunted nature—but the light of the fire could be seen for quite a distance through the hills. The night-wind soughed with a dull, desolate wailing, though the branches and the roar of the canon sound-ed distant and faint, growing less every hour, and proving that it was being emptied

as rapidly as it was filled.

Finally Egbert Rodman could not forbear "Is there nothing to be feared in the shape of Indians, Jo?" asking the question

No; there's none here, except—except that Thing that you saw on his hoss. Didn't I tell you that his coming was to give us notice that something else was coming, and it was on us afore we knowed it. It's al-

"Then you have seen it before?" asked Egbert, who was rather curious to hear what the scont had to say about the creature, which certainly had caused him no little wonderment since he had first set eyes "I should think I had," was the reply, in a hurried voice. "It's five years since I first heard of it, though Kit Carson did tell me something about some such a thing as that being seen in the Apache country more than ten years ago. But the chap that told me was the only one that was left out of an emigrant party of over twenty. He said it come up to ther camp one night just as the sun was setting-and arter looking at them

for a few minutes rode away at a gallop, and it wa'n't two hours afore the red-skins

was down upon 'em."

"Is its appearance always the same?"
"I h'l'eve it is—but I ain't sartin. Lea ways, I could never see any thing different. It always had the blanket thrown over it, and its head was as black as a stack of black cats. The first time I run ag'in' it was down in the Staked Plain, where a party of us were arter a lot of Comanches that had made a raid on one of the settlements near the Texan frontier. I remember there was a kind of a drizzling rain falling and we was smoking our pipes, with our blankets drawn up round our chins, when the critter rode down on us, and stopped jist as he did with you. There was four of us that blazed away at him, each one aiming at the spot where his heart would have been had he been like other animals; and, when his horse turned about and galloped away with him, without his showing the least oneasiness, you can make up your mind that we was slightly surprised. There was several of us that heard of the Terror of the Prairie, as he is called by some, and we concluded that this was the gentleman, and that a row was sure to take place; so we made ready for 'em, and we had one of the tallest scrimmages that night that any of us ever got mixed up in; but you see we was used to that sort of business, and it wasn't good policy for the Terror to come down on us and tell us to make ready. We was a little too much ready, and the redskins got a little more than they counted We riddled a dozen of 'em, and got away without losing a man or a he though most of us have got scars that were made in that muss.

'Wal," added Jo, "I won't take time to tell all I know 'bout that critter, which ain't much, 'cept in the way he has played the mischief 'round the country. I s'pose when



"Captain Shields seemed to know nothing about him, at least he told nothing of

what you have just described."

"Shields was in that party down on the Staked Plain, and got two bullets in him, that he carries to this day: so I reckon he does know something, arter all." "And he is somewhere in our neighborhood, unless he has taken a sudden depar-

"Yes," added Lightning Jo, in a husky whisper, and with a wild, scared look; "and he ain't fifty feet from where you're setting this minute.

> CHAPTER XXII. THOSE WHO ESCAPED.

AT this startling announcement Egbert Rodman sprung to his feet, with a bound that carried him entirely over the fire, striking Lightning Jo with such sudden violence as to throw him backward almost flat upon

What in thunder is the matter?" exclaimed the scout, laughing outright as he regained his seat; "did he prick you?"

The young man was not looking at Jo, but backward in the gloom, in which he discerned the unmistakable outlines of the terrible nondescript, known as the Terror of the Prairie. It was but a glance that he gained; for, while he looked, it began silently retreating into the gloom, like a phan-tom born and sent forth by the night, and returning again to its natural element

Like a flash, Egbert raised his gun, pointed toward the point where it had vanished and pulled the trigger; but the percussion exploded without firing the charge that had been wetted, during its rush through the

'Never mind," remarked Jo, with a laugh, "it done jist as much good as if you had fired it; so rest easy on that score."

"You needn't tell me that," was the dog-

ged return of Egbert, "every living creature has some vulnerable point, and that is no exception

"All right; if you want to make your-self famous jist find the spot, and pop in a bullet there. Howsumever there always are some folks that think they know more nor others, and p'r'aps they do, and then p'r'aps ag'in they don't."

in they don't."
Egbert felt a little irritated at the taunting words of the scout—which irritation was doubtless increased by the keen sense he had of the rather ridiculous figure he had just made; but there was no use of showing any resentment toward Lightning Jo: and, resuming his seat, he began withdrawing the damaged charge from his gun. When sufficiently composed, he asked the rather singular question:

"How many times do you suppose you have fired at this thing, Jo?"
"I don't know exactly: the first shot told me that it warn't any use; but I s'pose I've let fly at him a half-dozen times more nor

less, and I've seen five time as many balls sent after him by others. What do you want to know that fur?" "In all these cases did you aim at any particular portion of the animal—his head or

"We always p'inted our bull-dogs at the spot where his heart would be reached—

"That proves beyond a doubt that the Terror can not be killed in that manner. How is it that you never aimed at his

Lightning Jo seemed to be surprised at this question, and stared rather wonderingly at Egbert, before he replied:

"Hanged if I know what the reason is. You know it's the custom among us chaps to aim at the heart instead of the head, the same as we do in a buffalo, 'cause you're surer of wiping out the critter there than anywhere else. There's more than one critter that walks the airth that wouldn't mind a volley in the head, more than they would

so many rain-drops. "Very well then; the next time you or I shoot at him we'll send the bullet into his head, and then, if he don't mind that, I'N be inclined to think there is something strange about it.

"You will, eh?" replied Jo, with a grunt; that's very kind in you, and I hope you

As you say the appearance of the Prairie Terror is always a sure omen of coming disaster, what, in your opinion, does its coming foretell in the present instance? What additional calamity is about to over-

"We'll l'arn that afore long: there ain't any use trying to find out. All I care and find out is what has become of Lizzie, and as soon as the first streak of daylight comes I'm going to find out whether she's in the land of the living or not."

The heart of Egbert said "amen" to this,

and his prayer was that the long, desolate night might hurry by, and the opportunity come for them to do something together for unraveling the fate of the maiden, for whom both entertained the strongest affection-differing only in kind and not in de-

Egbert, at the advice of the scout, attempted to sleep—but he had too much on his mind to succeed in doing so. His drag-gling garments did not give him special discomfort, as the night was only moderately cool and Jo kept the fire burning quite vig-

But between his sad forebodings of the fate of Lizzie, whom he seemed to love with a devotion such as had never permeated his being before, and the haunting fear of another visit from the Terror of the Prairie, there was little likelihood of his falling

The strange tales that the scout had told him of this remarkable creature, and of his extraordinary meetings with him, produced their effect upon Egbert, who, although of a practical nature, with an intelligent mind, was not without a certain imagination, peculiar to those of his age, which made him susceptible to the influences of the time and the place and his surroundings.

The roar of the rushing canon had died out entirely, and probably that very part over which the whites, men, women and animals, had been carried with such tremendous velocity, was now almost entirely dry again. Through the matted, overhanging branches Egbert caught the glimmer of several stars, showing that the storm had cleared away entirely. There was no moon, however, and, in the valley in which they had encamped, the darkness was so pro-found as to be absolutely impenetrable beyoud the circle illuminated by the camp-

Young Rodman found the suspense so intolerable, that he proposed that they should leave this spot and wander among the hills until daylight. He believed that they would encounter some of the survivors and possibly might learn something regarding Lizzie, who might be in need of the very assistance that would thus be afforded her.

But Lightning Jo had made up his mind to remain where he was, and no persuasion could induce him to change his location. He declared that he could accomplish nothing by stumbling around in the dark, while Egbert would be pretty certain to break his neck in some of the pitfalls that were to be

encountered at every step.

And without attempting to depict the dismal expedients which the wretched lover resorted to, to while away the unspeakably dreary hours, we now hasten forward to the moment when the unmistakable light of morning stole through the hills, and Lightning Jo, springing to his feet, declared that the moment had come when the terrible suspense was to end, and they were soon to learn the worst that had happened to the party and to the one dear one—Lizzie Man-

The first point toward which the two directed their steps was the canon, through which they had had their memorable passage. This was but a short distance away, and, upon being reached, it was found as they had anticipated, entirely clear of running water. Here and there were muddy, stagnant pools collected in the hollows and cavities, but nothing of any living person, or animal, or debris of the wagons, was dis-

"Had we not better descend and follow the canon to the outlet?" asked Egbert. "We shall not miss any thing then on the

Lightning Jo acted upon the suggestion, and after a little searching for a safe means of descent, the bottom was reached, and they pursued their way in silence, agitated by strange emotions, as they recalled the memorable experience of a few nights be-

They walked side by side, neither breaking the impressive stillness by a word, but carefully scanning every foot of ground passed in quest of some remnant of those who had been their companions in the terrible descent.

Suddenly the scout pointed to a wagon-wheel that was driven in between two jut-ting-points of rocks, where it had been im-movably fixed by the tremendous momen-

Both scanned it a few minutes, and, seeing nothing more, passed on for fully a quarter of a mile, when the basin to which reference has been made was reached, and here a great surprise awaited them.

It being quite shallow, the water had been carried away by several outlets, and not a man had been borne beyond. Fragments of the wagons were scattered in every direc-tion, and at one side of the dry lake were to be seen Captain Shields, Gibbons and a number of the men covering up a large grave, while seated around were several women with their children, as miserable and desolate-looking objects as could possibly be imagined.

Not having dared to hope that so many

could have escaped, the two paused in mute silence and stared at them, their looks after the first startling shock being directed in anxious quest of the one—Lizzie Manning— a look that was unrewarded by a sight of the beautiful maiden, for whom both were ready to do and dare any thing.

Still hoping that she might be somewhere

in the vicinity, they hurried forward and put the all important question. Sad to say, no living person had seen or

knew aught regarding her.

And then their own sad story was told. All, of course, had been carried irresistibly into this basin-some bruised, and almost senseless. Three of the men were killed and also a mother and her two children. The ghastly cargo of the wagon, containing the remains of those who had fallen in the fight in Dead Man's Gulch, was also there. The soldiers, who had charge of the women and children, clung bravely to them, and the shallowness of the water enabling the horses to touch bottom almost immediately, they were not long in floundering out upon dry land, where the miserable group huddled together until the coming of day

should enable them to see where they were, and to do what was possible for themselves. When the dawn of light showed them the dreadful number of inanimate bodies, their first proceeding was to give them a decent burial, as it was out of the question to think of taking them to Fort Adams after the destruction of the wagons. And so, from the contents of the wagons, lying everywhere, they gathered up a half-dozen shovels, and as many men went to work with such a vigor and skill that in a few minutes a large, shallow grave was dug, and into this all were tenderly placed and covered up from mortal sight, all shedding tears of the deepest sorrow over the terrible death that had been decreed them by inexorable fate.

While they were thus employed, others were absent among the hills in quest of the mustangs, and Jo and Egbert had exchanged but a few words with their friends, when they began coming in with the animals, that were all browsing at no great distance.

Their purpose was to mount the horses as speedily as possible, and to make all haste to Fort Adams. The women and children were in a deplorable condition and needed care and a rest of several days before continuing their journey to Santa Fe

When this proposal was mentioned to Lightning Jo, he indorsed it at once, telling them to lose not a moment. They had not a particle of eatable food in their possession, and it was extremely difficult to procure any in these hills, which, rather singularly, were known to have been for years almos entirely devoid of game of any description. Consequently, as nothing at all was to be gained by remaining here, the dictate of prudence was that they should depart at the very moment they could make ready. As a matter of course, Lizzie Manning

was among the first that was missed by the group that huddled on the banks of the basin, and so great was the concern regard ing her that during the darkness Captain Shields and two of the men groped around the neighborhood in quest of her, calling her name and searching along the shore of the basin for hours. The search was made more extended and thorough, when they had the daylight at their command, but it resulted in an entire failure. Not the least trace was gained, either of her, or of the horse, which she was known to be riding.

One of the men who had helped to bring in the mustangs took occasion to tell Light-ning Jo, in a confidential way, that he had

detected signs of Indians, and he believed there was quite a number among the hills, and that it was impossible that they should know nothing of the presence of the whites so near them,

This information surprised the scout and caused him no little uneasiness. He questioned the soldier closely, and became convinced that he was right and that the whole company were in great danger of attack. Under these circumstances, he took it in hand himself, and told them all of the urgency of haste in reaching their destina-

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed when every man was upon his mustang, and the females, with their offspring, were distributed among them. Lightning Jo and Egbert Rodman placed themselves at their head, and the scout cautiously led the way through another narrow pass for something like a quarter of a mile, when they reached the

open prairie once more.

"And now go," he added, "and never pause or look back until you ride into the

stockade of Fort Adams." And his advice was taken and followed almost to the letter; but, even then it is impossible to imagine whether they would have succeeded in reaching the shelter after all without being harassed by the Co-manches, but for the fact that ere they had gone three miles they met a party of rescue sent out by Colonel Cleaves, who had become alarmed at their failure to come in during the night. Under the escort of this powerful company of cavalry, the journey was completed in safety, and we now bid them good-by at the friendly fort and turn our attention to those in whom we have a more immediate interest.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 121.)

Saved by an Enemy.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

"For your life, hold!" and the stern command, given in a clear, ringing voice, echoed through the dense wooded aisles of the forest, fast darkening beneath the

shadows of an approaching storm.

Too late the cry of warning, though, for the fair equestrienne, to whom it was given, unhearing or unheeding, dashed on, her beautiful mare bounding lightly onward a few steps, down the sloping bank, across the sandy border of a creek, into the shal-low water, and then down—down into a

treacherous bed of quicksand.

Quickly the slender limbs of the mare sunk from sight, down to the tapering body, which soon began to sink lower and lower, carrying with it the end of the

rider's trailing skirt.

In vain did the maiden urge her struggling animal to release herself; it was impossible; the sands were rising over both horse and rider, for, with her feet bound securely by the skirt, she could make no ef-

fort to free herself.

A mingled look of terror, of horror, of anguish, came o'er the beautiful face; the dark violet eyes were raised, and the small gloved hands clasped, as if in prayer, for all hope of succor had gone, and rapidly the quicksand arose, creeping silently to her saddle-girths, up to the neck of the terror-stricken mare, forcing great sobs from her, as the almost-human eyes turned

in mute despair toward her mistress.

"Oh, God! to die thus!" and the golden head, with its hat and plume, fell forward upon the gloved hands, as if to shut out from sight the creeping death, that soon would in the state of th

Suddenly a loud report smote the maid-en's ear, and looking up, she saw that the storm had burst in all its fury, while, here and there, vivid flashes of lightning darted through the angry, inky clouds.
"Oh, God! this is terrible!" but as she

spoke, the same clear voice that uttered the "Be brave, lady; I will soon release

With a cry of joy the maiden turned, and the sudden transition from despair to hope caused her almost to swoon away but, controlling her emotion, she exclaimed "Save me, oh, save me, sir!" and nar-rowly she watched the approach of the man toward her.

Slowly he advanced, bearing upon his shoulders several long and heavy boards, with which he made a plank bridge for his feet, to keep from sinking in the treacher-

Soon the last board was deposited, and, joy indescribable! it reached beyond the sinking horse with its human burden, ra-

pidly sinking to death. Pardon me, but I must cut your skirt off; your feet are already below the sand," said the stranger; and taking his knife from his pocket, he quickly severed the folds of dark-green cloth, and then re-moved, but not without an effort, the deli-

cate feet from their sandy bed. "Now, stand up in your saddle; there, rest upon my shoulder and I will carry you

Cheerfully the stranger spoke, and without a word, the maiden permitted him to take her in his arms and bear her out of reach of the terrible quicksand, to where a

orse stood awaiting. "Here, lady, wrap my saddle-blanket around you, while I return for your saddle and bridle; your horse there is no hope

"Do not tell me poor Lightfoot must die sir!" and the tears came into the beautiful

eyes. "Yes; it must be so; but to end her misery, I will kill her, and we must hasten, for should the creek arise suddenly, as it will by this hard storm, we will have to remain in the forest all night."

Hastily the stranger returned along the

plank walk, his impromptu bridge, which was fast sinking from sight, and quickly severed the girth of the saddle, and removed with the bridle from the poor beast,

whose doom was sealed Poor Lightfoot! it is a pity to kill you, but it will end your misery," and as he spoke the stranger drew from his pocket a pistol, placed it to the mare's head and pull-

ed the trigger. A cry came from the maiden as she witnessed the act, but the next moment her preserver stood beside her.

Quickly he raised the maiden to a seat be hind his saddle, then mounted himself, and holding the side-saddle and bridle taken from the mare before him, urged his horse forward; and the noble animal, as if little caring for his treble weight, moved on at a

storm raged, but, as if thoroughly acquainted with the country, the stranger took a bridle-path through the woods, and soon came upon a large and handsome residence,

the home of a wealthy planter.

Dismounting, he aided the maiden to the ground, and placed upon the broad steps of the veranda her saddle and bridle. 'Now, Miss Mercer, you are at home, so

I will leave you."
"And you still persist in refusing to tell me who has so nobly rescued me from a most fearful death?" and the dainty gloved hand was extended, half reproach-

"My name does not matter; you are safe, and in that thought I am happy," and bounding into his saddle, he slashed away at a rapid run down the gravel drive. The sound of hoofs caused the door of the mansion to open, and an old gentleman came forth, peering into the darkness.

"Is that you, Irene, my daughter?" and catching sight of the drenched, skirtless form of the maiden as she ascended the steps, he bounded forward and seized her in his arms.

"Oh, my poor, poor child! what has happened to you? where have you been? where are your brothers?"

"One question, dear father, at a time; but first, now that you see I am safe, let me seek my room and change my clothes," and the maiden, accompanied by her ebony maid, ascended to her room.

Half an hour after she entered the brilliantly lighted supper-room, in which stood her father, Colonel Mercer, and his two sons, Walter and Frank.

Warmly was she greeted by them, and then she said, softly: "Now, father, I will answer your questions. First as to where I have been, I will answer, as near death as it is possible to be and not die! I went over to aunt Edith's and was returning when the storm overtook me in the forest, and thinking I could make a short cut by fording the creek lower down, and crossing the fields, I attempted

"My God! the quicksands!" exclaimed Colonel Mercer.

"Yes; a warning voice called out to me, but I heard it indistinctly as I was riding rapidly, and, seeing no one, dashed on, until poor Lightfoot sunk in the treacherous sand, and in sinking pinned my skirt be-neath her. Oh, God! the horror that came over me when I saw that fearful death before me," and at the remembrance Irene Mercer shuddered; after a moment she con

"I had given up all hope, when I was startled by a voice near me, and, glancing up, saw a man coming to my relief, making a bridge of boards as he came.

"Thus he saved me, but not until he had

to cut my skirt off, for my feet were then covered by the sand. 'He bore me to a safe spot, and then re

turned and removed the saddle and bridle from poor Lightfoot, after which he—and I sicken at the remembrance—drew his pistol and shot her!" and Irene covered her face with her hands.
"It were better to thus end her misery

but, my daughter, who was this man that saved you?"
"I do not know, father." "Do not know, and we owe him this debt of gratitude? What was he like?"

He brought me home, and, refusing to tell me his name, rode away."
"What was he like, Irene?" asked her

brother Walter. "A tall, exceedingly handsome man of thirty-five, I should think, with a sunbrowned face, dark eyes and hair, and most polished manners: a perfect hero, as we girls would say at school: but, you all forget that I have only been back home a week, and my ten years' exile to a convent have caused me to forget all the planters whom I

used to know. "What kind of a horse was he riding, Irene?" asked Frank. A horse large and powerful and jet-

"Basil Hamilton!" uttered the three gentlemen, in a breath. "What, father! was that Basil Hamilton,

the enemy of our house?

Yes, Irene: this is indeed a sad blow, and the haughty man was almost crushed at having to accept such a boon as his daughter's life from his hated enemy. The grandfathers of Basil Hamilton and Colonel Mercer had forty years before been engaged in a political co engaged in a political controversy, which ended in a duel, the result of which was the

death of one at the hands of the other. Though their plantations were only a few miles distant from each other, the families were afterward the bitterest enemies, for the Mercers would never forget and forgive the death of their ancestor at the hands of a Hamilton, and hence a feud separated

Living in lonely bachelorhood upon his magnificent plantation, Basil Hamilton was a great favorite with most of the plant ers of his neighborhood, and yet, although he mingled much in gay life abroad, he went little into society at home.

He had learned of the return to her home from the convent where she had been edu-cated, of Irene Mercer, and had once seen her, and was struck by her great beauty and as he was hastening to his plantation the evening of the storm, he was startled by seeing a horsewoman dashing along the path and turn to cross the creek where a

dangerous quicksand lay. His shout of warning was unheeded, and he at once hastened to a board fence, bordering the creek, and dragged from it planks to aid him in the rescue.

With almost Herculean strength he shoul dered his load, and ran down to the creek and thus was the young girl's life saved. Well did he know whose life he had saved, and for that reason refused to give his name, disliking to allow Colonel Mercer to feel

under obligations to him Seated at a late breakfast the morning after his rescue of Irene, Basil Hamilton was reading his letters and papers, when the sound of carriage-wheels caused him to start, and the next moment Colonel Mercer, accompanied by his daughter and two sons, entered the room.

With some embarrassment upon his face and yet determination to do his duty, Colo-nel Mercer advanced, with extended hand,

"Mr. Hamilton, pardon our intrusion— the entrance of Mercers into the house of a Hamilton; but forty years ago one of my ancestors fell at the hands of your grandfather: you have preserved a life i family, you have saved my daughter! this quick pace, and soon crossing the creek at a safe ford, was beyond danger.

Darkness had come on, and still the willing to, for, oh, God! what would our

home be this moment, but for you, Basil

Hamilton?"
The planter had arisen at the entrance of the Mercers, and his brow clouded, but it soon cleared, a generous, pleasant smile crossed the dark, handsome face, and with a

crossed the dark, handsome face, and with a frank voice he answered:

"Let the dead past bury its dead, Colonel Mercer. Here is my hand in friendship; and to you, gentlemen," and the colonel and his sons having warmly grasped the offered hand, Basil turned to Irene, and said:

"We commenced our acquaintance yesterday, Miss Mercer, so need no introduction. I trust you feel no ill-effects from your drenching and fright."

Thus was the feud made up between the

Thus was the feud made up between the Hamiltons and the Mercers, and one year after the marriage of Basil and Irene bound the families still more closely together.

Beat Time's Notes.

If there were no people in this world how nicely we would get along.

This life is full of deceptions, and I would hate to bet that every nice new boot hides a whole stocking.

I READ that a single hair of Napoleon's head was lately sold for several hundred dollars. I am ready to dispose of mine at half that price and my wife will harvest the

I HAVE lately had my dimensions taken for an extension dining-table. People can't see why I need a table twenty feet for such a small family. I got it for my own convenience; I can begin at one end and eat all around it.

I was persuaded to go to the opera lately, but when I saw the young ladies on the stage singing around I thought I had got there a little too early and I left!

SMILES are the blossoms of friendship; but frowns are the thistles of enmity.

SHEER nonsense—the fashionable idea of

having your hair shaved close to your head. WHEN I go to the stores to buy any thing and offer to pay for it with good, substantial paper, generally signed with my pen and name, the merchants grow practical, and remark that they "Take no note of Time"

My old uncle a long time ago applied to have his name admitted to the list of American authors. When asked what book he was the author of he replied he was the author of a blank book. They put him

In the description of public suppers the word "gorgeous" should only be used when they really do *gorge-us*.

PROF. LENS has succeeded in adjusting a pair of his spectacles on a cross-eyed potato, and the potato can see now how it is

In a late tour through Maryland and Virginia I found so many houses where Washington is said to have slept, that I was seriously compelled to ask them to break the monotony by pointing out a house where he hadn't slept, which they couldn't. I have come to the conclusion that George was the

most sleepy individual I ever heard of. ATA late ball I tripped the light fantastic

every place on the square.

I know a public lecturer whose ears are so large he don't require any sounding-boards back of the stage. You should 'ear him.

What is the exact difference expressed in inches between a piece of cork and a rainy

TERMS of surrender: General terms. At the Boston Concert they had a drum so large they had to beat it with a pile-driver, and a bass-fiddle which they had to play with a rain-bow. The big organ they worked with a sledge-hammer. The anvils they had to strike with lightning. non were so large they had to fire them off with a basketful of matches. The singers were each supplied with three new sets of lungs, and each, also, had four men to stand by ready to lend him their voices, and it took exactly seventeen men with two ears

THE nature and substance of sweet woman's heart: Did she make a good wife, I'd want a large piece. But were she a shrew, I should want a large part.

and an ear-trumpet apiece to hear all the

BEAUTY in fashionable circles means a 'fire-red head." We think their fancies are certainly inflamed.

Asking Stubbs about the nature of a difficulty between him and his sweetheart, he said it was only a "slight affair." "How so?" said we. "Oh, I was slighted!"

An Irishman's toast: "May your life be so long that you may never live to see the

THE President has a good many interviews but not enough re-fuse THE fellow who tried to suck eggs

couldn't suc-ceed.

"Preserve your reputation."—Many try to do it in whisky.

THE way some men find what they're owin' is by multiplying their own by three, or any other number. Ir some people spoke less, they wouldn't

Folks go to Newport to see the sights and sight the seas:

brimstone now will get used to it after awhile. Why are rats' tails like files? Because they pierce their ears (rears).

Some people who can't bear the smell of

Is a man of means a mean man.







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THE SPY QUEEN.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

Something as captivating as any thing Cooper ever conceived, and which will prove a source of immense satisfaction to lovers of the heroicand patriotic in American romance

Our Arm-Chair.

The Key to Success.-"Tradesman,"

"Your views as expressed in your "Earnest talk with young men," in this week's publication, I see verified every day. It is really astonishing to see bow many young men will jump for a situation that requires little labor to perform, and how few there are that will learn a good trade or will see the folly of entering a house as clerk, bookkeeper, etc. They may, as you say, receive a salary of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per year, but they have made nothing at the end of a year. Their habits have been extravagant, sporting round with horse and buggy, or spending money on young ladies. This I know to be the case with a great many young men in our city. As for my part, I would have no young lady think any thing of me until I had a trade in my hards—a trade that I could be sure of making a living at, comfortably. On the whole, I fully indorse your views on the subject."

If all young men acted as sensibly there would be fewer life mistakes. The history of unhappy men and women may be said to commence with the first misstep, either doing that for which they were unqualified, or entering upon callings already overstocked and crowded, impelled thereto by the idea that such calling was more "respectable" or "genteel" than some other wherein success was sure. If one-half the young men now seeking "clerkships" or aiming for the professions, were to enter at once, cheerfully and earnestly, into the trades, the record of tens of thou sands of lives would be stamped with success, which are almost sure to end in failure or suf-

To Whom It May Concern !- A friend writes to say that, having much leisure time on his hands, he would like an engagement to contribute weekly to our pages.

fering if the trades are scorned.

This friend is not the first one who has said the same thing to us. Indeed, it is surprising, we sometimes think, how much leisure our friends have, which they can (for a prim sideration, of course) devote to "enhancing the interest of our column

Of course we are grateful for all such offers; they show a great deal of anxiety for our welfare; but, there is just one thing which debars us from saying to all such, "write!"

It is a fact, which we have verified by a long experience in the editor's room, that a person's vanity may be ever so great-his or her education may be ever so good-the craving for autorial honors may be ever so strong; yet the public is so stupid and unimpressible to ignore all these, and to demand, instead, that which only those can produce who possess the rare gift of authorship-that power of feeling, thought and expression which neither money can purchase nor station can com-

The public may be wrong, or perverse, or as unsympathetic as a whale; you may swell in your own conceit until your hat is lifted from your head, or your eye in fine frenzy rolling becomes as bloodshot as a first-class fire wheel; you may dream fine dreams and walk on stars in your inspiration; but, there stands that elephant, the public, reaching out right and left for food, and-

He or she is the most welcome who brings the most

delicious or substantial repast. That elephant don't know our friend from Dunks the cobbler-doesn't care a fly's sneeze whether he "graduated" on Xenophon and Conic Sections or on Webster's Elementary Spelling-book - doesn't ask what the local paper says of him (the beast!), but, just winks his eye at a good thing, and-

Waves his trunk for more!

So, catering, as we do, to the elephant, we are constrained -nay, bayonet-pricked, to say to our friends having so much leisure, don't you use a moment in writing for us unless you've got that rare gift alluded to, and can say things which nobody else can say as well. If you have that gift, and can say original things in an original way, why, then, you needn't have any more leisure on your hands for there isn't an editor in this great city who wouldn't be a happy man to be engaged to you, even though you happened to be some other man's wife!

HARD TASKS.

It is a fearfully hard task to endeavor to please everybody, and if any one has ac-complished that herculanian act, then there is a wonder I have not yet seen, and I wouldn't begrudge a dollar to look at the rara avis. If you wear a hat to please the women it will disgust the men, and vice versa. If you write an essay carefully and think no one will complain at it, one will think you have been too lenient and another too harsh. If you have the management of children, your right-hand neighbor will tell you your children would mature quicker if you wouldn't be so strict with them, while the neighbor on your left will remark, "If ever you want those children to grow up as I

they should, you must make them step around smarter; you're not half sharp enough with them."

It is an awful hard task for people to attend to their own affairs, or, to put it in plainer English, to mind their own business; they must go about prying into this and peeping into that, asking what makes you put so much saleratus into your bread, and so little flour into your pie-crusts? Asking if you think you'll ever get your pay from that city boarder, and if he don't eat more than his board comes to? Endewigned to find out her comes to? deavoring to find out how many raisins you put into your mince pies, and if you don' find so many sweets injurious to the health of the children? Peering into cracks and corners of the room, hoping to find enough dirt and dust to warrant the assertion that you keep a slovenly house? Wondering if you don't think it a waste of time to read so much, and in the next breath desire the loan of your Saturday Journal as it lies in its wrapper on the table, because you have not had the opportunity to open it?

Well, thanks be, a snow or rain storm does sometimes occur, to keep these busy-bodies in their proper places—their own

Here comes another difficult task-keeping a secret. I judge so from the many who want to confide them to me, and they want me to "swear to secrecy," and "promise never to tell," and if I, like a good cirl covered to the secret of the se girl, consent, nine cases out of ten it's some thing concerning the purchase of a new dress, and, "Upon your honor, now, promise not to tell Tillie Mason, for she'll go and get one just like it if you do." Then I wish I had never promised, and I inwardly desire that they'll keep their secrets to themselves in future and not heter me with their in future, and not bother me with their nonsense. I keep all my own secrets to myself, and I want others to do the same.

It's a hard task to have the truth told you when it is disagreeable and dashes against your own opinions, but I'd far rather have a person tell me my faults to my face, than to remark on them to others behind my back. I've got one sincere friend, in whom I have the utmost feelings of trust and judgment. If she says she does not think an essay just exactly what it ought to be, it doesn't find its way to New York; it is just popped into the fire, but that friend isn't Eve Lawless; she's a better judge of matters that feminine.

Isn't it a hard task for an editor to be obliged to decline an article that he knows was written to keep one from suffering and privation? but how long do you imagine his paper would succeed were he to accept such matter if it were not good? I don't doubt that, while he has to decline the article, he feels for the poor writer, and, maybe, sends some money, not for the MS., but for chari-ty's sake. God bless him, if he does.

But, my hardest task is to be scolded by others for what I say, just as if I wasn't trying to be as good as ever I can be, and correcting my own many faults, while I am pointing out those in others!

EVE LAWLESS.

UNCONCENIAL MARRIAGES.

A vast deal of the misery which surges up through the tumultuous tides of this restless life of ours, comes from a coaxed-up idea that an uncongenial marriage has mar red some otherwise brilliant prospect which might have been attained.

Sometimes a genius rises to eminence and John Smith's wife, who enjoyed the felicity of "keeping company" with him when both were in their early teens, grows discontented and repining, and murmurs at the great sacrifice she made in choosing honest John. Perhaps if she could take a peep within the house of the same risen genius, could see the worn, heavy-eyed, neglected wife, who knows herself to be of minor con sideration to her husband's occupations pursuits, friendships, and interests, Mrs. John might be better contented with her own humble sphere, her neat, bright little home, and awkward, plain-spoken, clumsy dunder-headed John, who thinks the world and all of wifey, though he couldn't tell her so in the elegant and expressive language she admires, if the happiness of both their

lives depended on it. It is these very easy-going, blunt, and or-dinary men of the John Smith order, who make the truest and tenderest of husbands if undemonstrative, they are not "white sepulchers," as so many are who have glib ongues and handsome faces.

As you make your bed, so shall you lice in it," and it rests individually with newlymarried pairs whether they shall live har

moniously or in constant discord.

There are sure to be some clashes at first -the golden mists of Love's Young Dream must fade before the broader glare of practical facts; ten hours of man's busy labor every day, takes away the appetite for met-aphorical sugar-plums in the shape of "blisses and kisses and nectar-lipped misses," unless the sweets are prefaced by sub-stantial dinners of broiled steaks, potatoes, puddings, and coffee; it's wonderful how far a well-cooked dinner will go in making a man good-tempered and lovable. If they would always remember to sweeten the des-sert by a word of praise, or one of those selfsame old-time kisses, wives would be less inclined to harbor as a skeleton in the house hold closet that undermining idea of having made an uncongenial marriage.

A couple are not apt to jog along far without some pulls this way and that, after only a brief courtship. Some little misunderstandings, quarrels, hours of remorse and self-reproach, and delightful reconciliations, must teach the lesson of mutual for bearance and deference to each other's wishes. Dick must be content to let Sue choose pink flowers for her bonnet, even though he has hinted that he prefers blue: and she must overcome her qualms about cigars in the parlor, and boot-heels on the mantelpiece. If Dick loses himself in mantelpiece. If Dick loses himself in "Tracked to Death," while Sue is dying to conclude "Madeleine's Marriage," he should make amends by reading the latter aloud while she darns that troublesome businesscoat of his, which is always fraying out at

There may be one couple out of every ten thousand who are especially created for each other-novelists must have some basis for making the assertion-but ordinarily people grow into sympathy for each other.

If they reflect when once the nuptial knot is tied that it is done for "better or worse and endeavor faithfully to remove the little obstacles which will arise in their path of pappiness, there is little fear that either will repine from being uncongenially mated. Let the little troubles remain, encourage them, and they will grow into mountains which will not be easily surmounted.

rock, and constant bickering over trifles will extract the dearest brightness from life just as surely as loving words and pleas-ant looks will make home a temple of sacred delights.

Foolscap Papers. A Visit to Pompeii,

DEAR reader, come with me to the ancient city of Pompeii. If you have not money enough, travel as far as you can, and go the rest of the way in imagination. This is the cheapest way of traveling that I know of, at present. I have traveled thousands of miles in this manner, and it never cost me a cent! By this route you avoid much sea-sickness, and dust, and the importunities of collectors of fares; besides, you take your meals at home regularly, and have your wife to jaw and the grown. have your wife to jaw, and then you run no risk of being drowned, or having your neck broken; and it's getting so in this country that they don't consider a man of much account when he gets in that fix.

Pompeli, as any one with learning knows, was founded by Pompey, and dumb-founded and con-founded by an eruntion of Vesuvius

Let us enter its gate. While you are paying your admission, pay mine too; it will save time. You see there are the very ruts in the

paved streets which were worn by the wheels of the omnibuses, long before Horace Greeley's mother knew he was out -for President. These streets are very narrow; they were

made so for the convenience of people liv-ing in the second stories; they could bor-row of their neighbors over the way with-

out having to go down and cross over.

Let us notice the public advertisements on this wall, as legible as they were eighteen hundred years ago. The most prominent one is "Post no bills here," which as in modern times is the only which, as in modern times, is the only place they will post them. What crowds of people gathered around here to see the last bill put up, and had their feet trod on, or their pockets picked! Here we read—"Vote for Caius Martius." "Georgius Francisco Trainibus will deliver a lecture to-night on the undoubted certainty of things past; the far-offness of things in the future; the necessity of putting more hours in the day; the utter impossibility of the utterly impossible; the defined definitions of the indefinite; and a few words in favor of the man who is best fitted, in his opinion, to be the next President. Peanuts not admitted." "T.—1860—X," old and partly obliterated. "Lucretius Pontius remodels old hoop-skirts."

"Vote for Patrick Murphius"—evidently

"Elmbold's Buchu," badly obscured.
"Buy your Bourbon whisky of Dionysius

On another wall, where there had been a dog chained (people cultivated dogs, even in those days), we read: "Cave Canum," which I translate, "Cave him in with a

Here we come to a saloon. Let us step in. I am sorry you can't call for something for both, for the inside is as dry as I am. All over the wall yet remains the chalked up scores of the classic Roman topers, who, like the more modern ones, found it so convenient to say, after the last glass, "Hang this on the others," or, "Chalk this," or, "Put it up to dry." Few, very few, have been crossed out! How little did those topers think that those bills should stand preserved against them so long, while, to use an original phrase, even empires have passed away! One fellow ran up such a bill that he must have begun young; it begins on one side, runs up across the ceiling, and down on the It's cheerful to contemplate other side. that bill. How you are led to envy that

In excavating here they found a man lying on his back with his mouth open right under the faucet of a wine-barrel. He was sharp; he wanted to take as much of it along as possible. But let us hasten on; this is no place for us—now.

lucky fellow!

Here is a butcher's shop. He must have made dog-on good sausages, for his front step is well worn;

And I think if there's a butcher shop in the world Where Honesty's found, it must surely be here; but on trial we find his weights are quite He must have taken an idea from butcher shops of the modern time.

In this dry-goods store was found a yard-stick about a yard too short. Upon these stone counters were displayed to the gaze of the Roman fashionable female world such articles as splendid "Dolly Vardens," French hats, Balmorals, etc., and over against the wall we still read-"Cash

taken in exchange for goods." Here in this bakery was found bread eighteen hundred years of age—almost as venerable as the last bread our city baker

brought us. We enter the exhumed baths-from curiosity only, because we never patronize such institutions, never. Here it was that the ancient Roman luxuriated on hot days in the pleasures of a cold bath, or on days in a hot bath, with water warmed in a large kettle set over the fires of Vesuvius. On these stone benches he reclined afterward, while he read the evening paper, fanning himself with a sandal fan-that is, with one of his sandals.

It is in vain that we look around and inquire if there are any of the old citizens living, with whom it would be a rare treat to shake hands and be told all about the eruption, and how they had been intimately familiar with Washington, and all about it; but our guide asks us if we have got any change about us, and says there are none of them left now, because there were none of them left then

Our guide tells us how they have discovered the ruins of several servants who had made off with the spoons, but were overtaken and fixed solidly in the lava. Over six hundred bodies were found: the

husbands had almost invariably tried to get away with their gold and silver, leaving their wives—obeying the first law of nature—though in some cases it was found that a few husbands, in the general excite-ment, had started off with their neighbors'

In the museum we will see a few copper coins of United States money found among the ruins, and one or two pieces of gold and silver coin from the same country; the re-mains of a few old Connecticut clocks; some old Springfield muskets, statues, idols, velocipedes, old boots, tin cans, glass eyes, wooden legs and heads; false teeth, barlow-Constant dropping will wear away the knives, reaping machines, faro checks, brass watches, decks of cards, and other in-describable things left by the ancient Pom-peians, which are pleasing to inspect. Washington Whitehorn.

Short Stories from History.

Monster Concerts.-Mr. Gilmore, the Boston Jubilee man, is by no means the originator of "Monster" Festivals of noise. Nearly one hundred years ago all London was in uproar over the "Handel Commemwas in uproar over the "Handel Commemoration," whose story is as follows: The plan originated in a conversation between Viscount Fitzwilliam, Sir Watkins Williams Wynne and John Bates, Esq., who remarking that the number of eminent musical performers of all kinds, in London, but the standard standar both vocal and instrumental, had no public oceasion for collecting and consolidating them into one band, formed the project of uniting them in a performance of the most magnificent scale, and such as no part of the world could equal. Such was the reverence for the memory of Handel, that no sooner was the project known, than most of the practical musicians in the kingdom eagerly manifested their zeal by offering their services; while many of the most eminent professors, waiving all claims to precedence in the band, offered to perform in any subor-dinate station in which their talents might be most useful. The governors of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, readily gave the plan their support; and his majesty, hearing of the deriver here are the support of the deriver here are the support of the deriver here. the design, honored it with his sanction and patronage. Mr. James Wyatt, the architect, was appointed to superintend the fitting up of Westminster Abbey on the occasion, like a royal musical chapel, with the or-chestra terminating one end, and the ac-commodation for the royal family at the other. In order to render the band as powerful and complete as possible, it was de-termined to employ every species of instru-ment that was capable of producing grand effects in a great orchestra and spacious building. Among these, the sacbut, or double trumpet, was sought; but so many years had elapsed since it was used in this kingdom, that neither the instrument nor a performer upon it could easily be found. After much useless inquiry not only in Enggland, but by letters on the continent, it was discovered that in his majesty's military band there were six musicians who played the three several species of sacbut, tenor, bass and double bass. The performances were fixed on the 26th, 27th and 29th May, 1784, and it was determined that the profits of the first day should be divided between the Musical Fund and the Westminster Infirmary; those of the subsequent days to be applied to the use of the Foundling Hospital, to which Handel, when living, was a liberal contributor. Westminster Abbey was so judiciously fitted up, and the places for the musicians and the public so admir-ably arranged, that the whole corresponded with the architecture of this venerable structure; and there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, that did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building. The orchestra was so well contrived, that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor and leader. Few circumstances will seem more astonishing to veteran musicians, than that there was but one general rehearsal for each day's performance; an indisputable proof of the high state of cultivation to which practical mustate of cultivation to which practical mustate of cultivation to which practical mustate of the country. sic had attained in that country. At the first of these rehearsals in the Abbey, more than five hundred persons found means to obtain admission. This intrusion, which was very much to the dissatisfaction of the managers and conductor, suggested the idea of turning the eagerness of the public to some profitable account for the charity, by fixing the price of admission to the rehears. al at half a guinea each person. On the subsequent rehearsals, the audience was very numerous, and rendered the whole so popular as to increase the demand for tick ets for the grand performance so rapidly that it was found necessary to close the sub-scription. Many families, as well as individuals, were attracted to the capital by this celebrity; and it was never remembere have been so full, except at the coronation of his late majesty. Many of the performers came from the remotest part of the king dom at their own expense, so eager were they to offer their services on this occa The commemoration of Handel is not only the first instance of a band of such magni tude being assembled together, but of any band at all numerous, performing in a similar situation, without the assistance of a manu conductor, to regulate the measure and yet the performances were no less remarkable for the multiplicity of voices and instruments employed, than for accuracy and precision. "The pulsations in every limb," says Dr. Burney, "and ramifications of veins and arteries in an animal, could not be more reciprocal and isochronous, or more under the regulation of the heart, than the members of this body of musicians un der that of the conductor and leader. totality of sound seemed to proceed from one voice and one instrument; and its now. ers produced not only new and exquisite sensations in judges and lovers of the art but were felt by those who never received pleasure from music before." As the year named, 1784, was the centenary of Handel's birth, we suppose that in the year 1884 we shall have another Centenary Commemora tion which will dwarf the Westminster Ab bey performance as much as Gilmore's big drum dwarfed the man who beat it.

ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

WHAT the most proper attitude of prayer may be has been with many a vexed ques-tion. Concerning it the Religious Herald says: Although in prayer the attitude of the body is of much less importance than the state of the heart, we should not be utterly indifferent with respect to it. Among the Jews the customary posture was standing, as will be seen by turning to the following passages:—1 Kings, viii., 22; 2 Chron., vi., 12; Matthew, vi., 5; Mark, xi., 25. The Jews, however, were not confined to the standing posture, but when they would express hu miliation for their sins, or were more than usually earnest in supplicating mercies, they knelt or bowed themselves. See Ex. xxxiv., 8; Chron., vi., 13; 1 Kings, viii., 54; Ezra, ix., 5; Dan., vi., 10; Isa., xcv., 6; Matt., xxvi., 39; Acts, ix., 40. These postures, standing and kneeling, are alike scriptural and heaving, and are for more trunched. tural and becoming, and are far more proper and seemly than sitting; which, observes an old divine, "is a rude indecency, except in cases of necessity." And, remarked Bishop Hall, "I will either stand as a servant of my Master, or kneel as a subject to my Prince."

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondence and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package, marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit, we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular waters will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not use "The World and the Stage;"
"Not so Much as a Dollar;" "A Big Thing;"
"What Jones Prayed For and Didn't Get;" "Lost Child;" "A Benediction;" "The Last 'Guest;"
"Who Killed Her?" "A Rose Lear;" "My Heart and Thine;" "The Aboriginal Fool;" "A Boy of Forty;" "The Whistler;" "Old Ben Sooks;"
"Prime or Mess?" "No, To You, Sir."

The following are placed on the accepted list, viz.: "Forbidden Fruit;" "Don't Go Beyond Your Means;" "A True Love Match;" "Hakim Abdallah;" "The MSS, of Mis. P. P. S, are subject to the extractions of the same of the

The MSS. of Mrs. P. P. S. are subject to the ar-

"Holden for a Life" is somewhat too long for the story it tells.

The six poems by Clarice G. we will try and use as occasion offers.

The serial by the "Lady of Rochester" is better fitted for a Ladies' Magazine than for a popular paper.

paper.

CARRIE L. F. No; we never refuse to give a hearty welcome to a good thing.

The author of MS. "Lost Child" must remit good stamps if he expects his MS. returned. The letter rate is 9 cents on his package.

We have not time to write personally to A. K. V. and G. G. S. They must obtain their information in the natural way—by study.

We have had returned a letter to the outher of MS.

We have had returned a letter to the author of MS.
"Double Elopement," as "not called for."

J. W. VANDEWATER. MS., "Midnight Encounter," comes to us marked "10 cents due" for postage. When will authors learn what we have enjoined, over and over again, to prepay their MSS. at full letter rates?

M. O. R. The MS. referred to is already on the

HORACE GREELEY. Send to Leonard Scott & Co., HORACE GREELEY. Send to Leonard Scott & Co., Publishers, N. Y., for copy of the Review.—The cxpenses of an European tour including ocean cabin passage will be equal to \$5 gold per day. This, of course, will not permit any extravagance, but it will, as we know from trial, pay your proper expenses.—The best Ancient Histories are not to be had in any simple set of books, by one author. "Rollin's" is very antiquated and not regarded as worth very much, in view of the new light which the last fifty years has thrown on ancient history.

CONSTANT READER, No. 1. Napoleon was not defeated at Waterloo through the treachery of any particular General. He was simply overwhelmed, and Blucher's sudden appearance on the bloody field, with a fresh army, consummated the great disaster. Frank W. We never correct MSS, with "glaring faults." We use only such contributions as require no revision. Your MS, is not incorrect as a composition, but is not available.

C. G. The story, "50,000 Reward," appeared in twelve numbers—price six cents each. The person referred to is a brother of our contributor.

referred to is a brother of our contributor.

CAPT. HARRY. There is a red pigment which is not poisonous to the punctured skin. The red tattooing is, we believe, done with cochineal.—An American abroad is at the same disadvantage that an educated foreigner is here. He don't understand things and life from a native's standpoint. He may succeed, of course, for all that, in India, China, Australia, etc., but, it seems to us our own great country is the best field for an American's labors.

L.W. McG. When a horse once has the heaves fixed on him his case is almost hopeless. For one thing, never feed him on any thing dusty; nor any green grass; and always wet his feed.

Stella G. Philadelphia is from the Greek, and signifies brotherly love. 2. Blanche is a French name, and translated means fair.

Soldier. The standing armies of various nations

SOLDIER. The standing armies of various nations are as follows: Prussia, on a war footing, 1,200,000; France, on a war footing, 1,360,000; Russia, 1,000,000; Austria, 825,000; Italy, 200,000; Spain, 175,000; Belgium; 95,000; England, 75,000; United States, 24,000.

STATIONER. To make violet ink, take eight parts of logwood and sixty-four parts of water; boil down to one-half, then strain, and add one part of

Business-man. Money can be sent to any part of the country with absolute safety, by obtaining a Money Order, for which the fees are—on not less than \$1 and not over \$20, ten cents. Over \$20 and not exceeding \$50, 25 cents. No Money Orders are issued for more than \$50.

SCHOOL-GIRL. Do not make your dresses into polonaises, for they are now being discarded by the ladies. Plain round waists take their place. MOTHER. A single drop of opium will often kill a

child.

New Yorker. Of the churches in the city of New York, 30 belong to the Baptists, 5 to the Congregationalists, 3 to the Friends, 26 to the Jews, 14 to the Lutherans, forty to the Methodists, 4 to the Africans, 40 to the Presbyterians, 7 to the United Presbyterians, 4 to the Reformed Presbyterians, 71 to the Protestant Episcopals, 18 to the Reformed Dutch, 39 to the Catholics, 3 to the Unitarians, and 5 to the Universalists.

PARENTS. Be careful in choosing a nurse for your children, and on no account allow them to tell horrible stories in their presence. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with unpleasant thoughts, or when crying. STUDENT, In A. D. 1627 the barometer was invented by Torricelli, and the thermometer by Dra-

CITIZEN. The population of various countries is as follows: Europe 280,000,000; Asia 800,000,000; Africa 150,000,000; North America 60,000,000; South America 20,000,000; Australia 2,000,000; Polynesia 1,500,000.

MARY. The more simple your dress the more be-oming. If you can not afford much expense, get ourself some nice cambric dresses. They can be vashed, and always look neat.

JENNIE LEE. To take off freckles, use one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered bonax, and half a drachm of sugar; mix, and let them stand for a few days in a glass bottle till the liquor is fit for use; then rub it on the hands and face occasionally.

Maine. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not re-lease the maker; he must pay the amount, but can require a bond to protect him from a second pay-

ment:

NAVIGATOR. The longest European river in the world is the Volga, in Russia, which is 2,500 miles long, in English miles. The longest Asiatic streams are the Yeneisy and Selenga, 3,550 miles long. In Africa the Nile is the longest, being about 3,240 miles long. The longest in North America are the Missouri and Mississippi, which united, are 4,300 miles long, and in South America the Amazon and Sent are the longest measuring 4,600 miles in Beni are the longest, measuring 4,000 miles in

ELI HAINES. The city of Venice was built A. D.

PERRY. If a boy have delicate lungs, it is best for him not to wear a prepared hare-skin over his chest. The chest may be kept too warm as well as too cold. The hare-skin heats the chest too much, and thereby promotes a violent perspiration; which, by his going suddenly into the cold air, may become suddenly checked, and may thus produce mischief. If the chest be delicate, there is nothing like fiannel to ward off colds.

PHILOSOPHER. David Hume was born in 1711, and died in 1776. As a metaphysician, he rejected or doubted all knowledge not derived from the senses—that is, all ideas derived from the operations of the understanding.

LORD LAVAT. The Peace of Aix la Chapelle was made in 1743, between Great Britain, France, Spain, Austria, Sardinia and Holland.

NOVICE. Poultry require warm, sunny quarters, and the nests and roosts should be kept clean, and washed over with kerosene once a month, so as to destroy vermin. A quantity of gravel, lime and charcoul should be sprinkled about, that the hens may collect with their too the essentials for their

may reflect with their look the essentials for their egg-shells and good digestion.

MASTER CHARLIE. A tautology of sentences should be avoided as much as tautology of words. Woods can, however, be frequently used in repetition correctly in the same sentence, as for expectations of the same sentence.

When a twister, twisting, would twist him a twist, For twisting his twist three twists he will twist; But if one of his twists untwists from the twist, The twist untwists the twist,

Unanswered questions on hand will appear



TO-DAY.

BY JULIE.

His lips so often pressed to mine Belong to me to-day. Making life seem almost divine, Too fair to pass away.

Oh! may they not to morrow rove— Sweet lips so loving now— Fate grant they ne'er so ruthless prove And false to every yow.

Then to-morrow may no other win From me his dear embrace, The arms to-day I'm resting in, And hiding my glad face!

"Diamonds or Hearts."

BY MARY REED CROWELL

Frowns all over that pretty, carnation-tinged face; pout plainly visible on the cherry-red lips; and in the brightest of blue eyes discontent and a dash of anger.

She sat beside the window—this pretty, piqued girl, whose name was Narcisse Adeler—altogether regardless of the fresh June breezes that brought in such delicious odors from the sweet, blossoming orchards; altogether blind to the glory of that June sky, as deeply blue as her own blue eyes; indifferent to the wide, open landscape, that lay, in all its first burst of emerald loveliness. smiling under Sol's warm kiss.

Afar, just where the meadowland began to slope gently upward, was a large stone house, grim, gray and grand, where ivy ran over the iron casements of the diamondpaned windows; ivy planted there generations aback, when pretty faces looked out upon the young, low vine.

Narcisse Adeler saw that house above and among all that lay between and around.

And it was the thought of that house, its inhabitants, and what was about to transpire, that made Narcisse's face so gloomy

Well-what are you going to do about

A flush surged over Narcisse's cheek as "Stay at home, I suppose, as I generally am obliged to do."

Mrs. Adeler laughed and shrugged her shoulders as only a French woman could.
"Because you have not Florry's diamond parure to wear! Really, Narcisse, I think

you can not care to go so very much.' Narcisse's eyes flashed. "Not care to go! Aunt Alphonsine, you know I am dying to go. But how can I, with my one ball dress, no jewels, nothing, make myself fit for the grand reception at the St. Filmon?"

the St. Elmos?" There was something very bitter in her

"I am sure I can not help you any, my dear. If I was as rich as Florry, I might lend you my diamonds; as it is, the best I can do is to offer my condolences."

Mrs. Adeler laughed sunnily, but her cheerful aspect of affairs did not at all

"Thank you! I shall doubtless find your loan useful. Oh! but I feel like screaming aloud for very vexation, when I look up at the St. Elmo mansion yonder "—and the slender finger pointed to the grand old stone house—"and remember I can not go where it has been my dream to go for weeks. Yes, ever since Edo St. Elmo came home from France I have they at the state. home from France I have thought of nothing else but this—" and gradually her voice

lowered as if in soliloquy.

And, truth to tell, Narcisse Adeler would not have wished her inmost thoughts known, even to her best friend.

Ambitious those thoughts were-very for a penniless orphan girl; for Narcisse had made up her mind that if youth, beauty and grace could carry the day, she could readily storm the castle of Edo St. Elmo's

That was her ambition-to marry Edo St. Elmo, and Edo St. Elmo's money.

No wonder then that she was so vexed, when this, her first and so good an oppor-tunity arrived for the commencement of her campaign, and she was so circumstanced that she could not take advantage of it.

True, as Aunt Alphonsine said, she could go, if she wanted to, minus any elaborate lornments, and in the white gauze dress that became her so remarkably well. But, what sort of an impression could she make on Edo St. Elmo thus, especially when the beautiful young heiress, Florry Jordan, would be there?

And in her disappointment, and jealous anger, Narcisse never noticed that Mrs. Adeler had silently withdrawn, and that Florry Jordan was standing curiously watch-

"Oh, Florry," and Narcisse suddenly started up, all impulse and excitement; "oh, Florry, won't you help me to prepare for the St. Elmo reception? I haven't a decent thing to wear, and I do so want to go! There's a dear, good cousin! I know you will by your smiling."

And in truth, Miss Jordan was smiling her own sweet, cheerful smile, that general ly preceded her gentle assents to the many requests volatile Narcisse did not hesitate

to prefer.

"If I can assist you, I will, for I wish you would go." What is it now?"

"Florry, if I only might wear your—your diamonds and that black lace dress you diamonds and that black lace dress you

never have worn yet! Oh, Florry, I never could repay you!"

Her cherry-red parted lips, and the eager-

ness in her eyes were very pretty to look at, and Miss Jordan laughed gayly.

"But I am afraid such rich attire would seem ill-fitting unless you were tormented with a few dollars, as I am, and expected to

dress accordingly. A light shadow flitted over Narcisse's expressive face; then, true to her nature, she

burst forth again. But I am sure I would look stylish, Florry! I know black lace is becoming, and the diamonds of course would be. Please, please, just this once! I do so want

Then she stopped, point blank, half-coyly, And Florry kissed the

sweet, pleading lips.
"I never can withstand coaxing, Cissy!
Suppose, besides loaning you the diamonds and the robes, I let you take my carriage, and the lobes, het you take my callage, and, for once, imagine you are the wealthy young lady of the town? We are all strangers, comparatively, you know, and people scarcely know whether Miss Jordan and Miss Adder in the hoiress? or Miss Adeler is the heiress.

Narcisse listened, in speechless ecstasy.

"Florry! you darling, dear old Florry!"

"And she is the heiress we have all heard so much about? Well, St. Elmo, take care of your heart, for she's as pretty a little

thing as ever you saw."

Edo St. Elmo glanced across the room at
Narcisse Adeler. She was standing under the gasolier, laughing and chatting with Deane Hathaway, her jewels flashing and scintil-lating with every motion of her graceful figure. Her cheeks glowed like an oleander blossom, and her bright, clear blue eyes were sending out sparks of radiant light. She was beautiful, almost beyond compari-son.

St. Elmo had been introduced, and he had danced the opening quadrille with her then, with her heart all awhirl with the pleasure of the dance and brightest vistas of a future opening rosy-red to her keen imagination, Narcisse had listened to his courteous thanks, and covertly watched him across the long room to where he stood

Then St. Elmo wandered about among his lady guests, with a smile here, and a flash of merriment there; a deftly worded compliment now, and a gallant reception of congratulation then, until he had come to the piano where clone and coffic minor where clone and coffic minor. the piano, where, alone, and softly murnuring a matinee on the keys, was a dainty, haughty-headed girl, in a sweeping robe of plain amber silk, and a simple gold chain and cross about her neck.

She turned slightly as he approached; then, when a group of statuary hid them for a second from the roomful of guests,

she raised her eyes fully to his.

"Heavens! Florry Jordan—can it be possible? Florry, Florry, darling!"

And Edo St. Elmo clasped her hands rap-

"Then I know we meet as we part, Edo?" Her timid, lustrous eyes were smiling in

"Not as we part, Florry, dearest, for then I did not love the wealthy Miss Jordan so well as this plainer and, I hope, poorer, little Florry. Darling, now I am the rich one, and can give you what I would not take at your hands." He whispered it as he gave her his arm,

and they walked out on the veranda.
"I have searched everywhere for you, Florry," he said, later, "and in all the years since we parted I never saw but one face that made me swerve for an instant in my allegiance to you. It was Miss Adeler's, the girl I met to-night; you never saw a more perfect face, did you, darling?"

"She is very beautiful, Edo, but I am not jealous"

"She is very beautiful, Edo, but I am not jealous."

"You need not be, Florry. For the moment I heard she was an heiress— 'Sh, that is she, with Hathaway coming toward us."

And as Narcisse passed, Florry detained her lover by a gentle pressure on his arm.

"Narcisse, dear," she said, aloud, "will you and Mr. Hathaway stop a moment? I wish to present to Miss Adeler my betrothed husband, Mr. St. Elmo. Edo, this is Narcisse, my cousin."

Of course Narcisse's keen disappointment did not kill her; and of course Mr. St. Elmo could not help laughing when he learned Florry was the heiress after all.

And so the question "Diamonds or Hearts?" was settled, for poor Narcisse at least

Strangely Wed:

WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE? AUTHOR OF "ADRIA. THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUSTINE RECEIVES A TOKEN. THE Terrace had two suites of drawingrooms. Above stairs the suite comprised two spacious rooms, separated only by an arch, and fitted in blue and gold. The car-pet was white velvet, with blue forget me-nots sprinkled over it. The furniture was rosewood, cushioned with blue satin, em-

A low, clear fire was burning in the burnished grate. Justine looked in, but the rooms were quite empty, and she went on her way to the suite below.

The room she entered was the same

where Lambert had imparted the knowledge he possessed to Mr. Granville. It was square, and separated from another apartment precisely similar in appearance and garnishing by folding-doors of heavy, stain-ed oak. The low mantels were of black, veined marble; the chairs and couches were of carved oak, cushioned with ruby velvet and the hangings were of ruby silk, looped with twisted gold cables. In a range with these apartments, but se-

parated from them by a narrow passage were the library and study. The folding doors were slightly ajar, but not sufficiently so to admit a complete view of the inner

The front drawing-room had one occu-Lambert stood before the fire, as much at his ease as though he were master

there instead of guest. Justine gave a slight start. It was now two days since he had unceremoniously left The Terrace, and she had not been apprised of his return.

"I fear you are a victim of unsteady habits," she said, giving him a sweeping

courtesy as he advanced.
"But not of unsteady purpose," he re-

"Do you make it an object, then, to take people unawares?" I have an object, and it is to take you,

my little beauty; but I have given you fair warning of my intention."

"Which I have every confidence in my ability to frustrate if a flat negative can not be made apparent to your comprehension," declared Justine, defiantly. "If you make me take up the gauntlet against you in open warfare, let there be no quarter given on

You will cry for mercy after the first round," laughed Lambert, "Not I."

"We shall see. Do you know I have determined that you shall be my wife within a week, my little wild bird?"

His cool insolence was exasperating in the extreme. Justine's fiery nature was up in arms at his provoking self-confidence.

"Miss Clare if you please" she asserted.

"Miss Clare, if you please," she asserted, with a stamp of her little foot. "I object to intimacies which are both disagreeable and unwarranted by any code of social

"As you like," returned Lambert, indiffer-

ently. "But civil law will recognize my claim within the space I have assigned.'

"How do you propose carrying on your siege?" asked Justine, ironically. "The dark ages have passed away when a girl could be forced into marrying against her

"Unfortunately, or otherwise, dark secrets were not confined alone to past ages. I have one which you shall share with me."

"Not if my protest will spare me. I've no desire to share so much as a passing con-

fidence with you, Mr. Percy Lambert."
"Oh, but this secret belongs most properly to you. If I were tender-hearted I might regret making the initial thrust; not being so, I am glad to hold powerful weapons in

"You are destined to be the victim of a terrible malady, Justine Clare. Insanity is inherent in your family; and unless you consent to marry me at the time I specify, I will find means to torture you until you are raving med."

There was something so diabolical in the assertion which he so coolly made, that Justine involuntarily quailed.

"You can not comprehend the full extent of the calamity at once," continued Lambert, in his even, unexcited tones. "Lunatic asylums are only rather unpleasant institutions, by no means desirable as a personal abode, in your estimation now. Still, you can imagine something of the horror of a life in one, surrounded only by screaming maniacs, hedged in by secure walls, and catching your only glimpse of the out-door world through grated panes. I have just ascertained that the room which your father occupied in an institution of this kind for several years has for quite a time been va-cant. It would be a coincidence if his aughter should drag out the best part of her life there.'

Justine could only look at him, horror stamped upon her countenance, incredulity struggling against the fear that there might be truth in his words.

'How dare you repeat such a fabrication, she cried, angrily, when she could speak "I have no faith in you, and I will not be lieve that there is any shadow of truth in what you have told me. I can not remember my father, but I know that he died abroad when I was a little child, and during all his life he was with the Granvilles How dare you stoop to such paltry deceit, hoping to frighten me into compliance with our will. You have only earned my con-

A half-exultant smile hovered upon his lips as he looked down in her excited face. "I have asserted nothing which I can not prove," he said. "For very good rea-sons it was deemed better to spread the report of your father's death, rather than make known the fact of his helpless lunacy. I can prove the fact of his incarceration in an insane asylum for five years after his supposed decease. It will not be a safe experiment to defy me."

Justine shrunk away from him in shud-Is it 'no quarter' still ?" he asked, mock

Yes!" cried Justine, all her native audacity springing to her aid. "All the more so if you have spoken truth! I shall appeal to my guardian for protection from your importunities. I have no fear of your driving me mad, but I shall not subject my-

self to annoyance from you."
"Mr. Granville will not attempt to thwart my will," returned Lambert, quietly. "He is too completely in my power to become

my enemy."

"Then I defy you of my own strength,"
Justine exclaimed, in desperate earnestness.
"Let me tell you first, it is impossible that I shall ever marry; and next, were it otherwise, all the forces you could bring to bear upon the earth would not bend me to your

With her face flushed and eyes flashing determined light, she rushed past him through the adjoining room, across the narow passage into the library and on to the study door. It was locked, but she beat upon it impatiently with both her hands and called aloud for admission.

After a delay of some minutes, interminable to Justine in her state of wrought excitement, the door was opened and she was admitted into Mr. Granville's presence.

Unknown to both, he had been a witness of the intermination.

to the interview between herself and Lam bert. He had gone into the back drawing room on some trivial errand as Justine had entered the other apartment, and had lis ened with a purpose, though unprepared for Lambert's statement.

He heard the latter's declaration that the report of Arthur Clare's death was a false one, and that he had afterward become the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

The listener grew pale and a cold chill ran through his frame. He grew faint, his knees trembled, and when he went back to the study his feet obeyed his will painfully as though they had suddenly become dead

He locked the door and dropped into a chair, passing his hand over his forehead. It was clammy, and his lips were stiff and

blue.
"What has the man discovered in these last two days?" he asked himself. "Better for him that he had never put himself upon

It was scarcely a moment until Justine was at the door impatiently demanding admission. Mr. Granville rose and walked the floor once or twice with hurried steps.

A portrait hung over the mantel-piece—a fair-faced, gentle-eyed woman so much like Sylvic that it only needed a glance to know it must represent her mother. He paused before it, sighed heavily, and then turning opened the door with a quiet hand.

Justine was too much agitated to observe any thing unusual in his demeanor. She clasped her hand over her heart to still its wild beats. "Is it true that my father was a mani-

ac?" she demanded, imperatively. "Is it true that insanity has been hereditary in his family? Answer me truly, I implore you!"

"My child, what is this?" asked her guardian, quietly. "Calin yourself, and tell me what has disturbed you so."

He wanted time to collect his thoughts. Justine excitedly related the substance of her interview with Lambers, all of which he already knew; but he was loud in his expressions of indignation and surprise. "He has tried this means to force you to submission," he said, when she had con-cluded. "His statement is not without foundation, but there is nothing in the truth

which need cause you alarm. Your father's mind was unsettled for some time before his death, and once I was health failed and I removed him from treatment, thinking it needless to subject him to such discipline after it was ascertained that

he could not survive many months.
"You see how Lambert has exaggerated the circumstance in order that he may work upon your fears. Do not let the fact trouble you, for insanity is not a hereditary curse, as he asserted, but was super-induced in your father's case by long-continued ill-health and morbid tendencies."

Insting draw a breath of ineffeble we Justine drew a breath of ineffable re-

"You have taken a load from my mind," she said, gratefully. "Oh, it was horrible to contemplate such a possibility for my future. How I despise the dastardly nature which stoops to employ such vile deceit! Certainly you will not tolerate his pres-

Certainly you will not tolerate his presence here, knowing this?"

Mr. Granville was silent for a moment.
"I will be frank with you, Justine," he said, slowly. "Lambert has a claim upon me which I can not safely ignore. When he proposed for your hand—urging this hold to obtain my consent—I yielded, not knowing him for the despicable villain your relation proves him.

"I would not subject you to his persecutions, but it will be impossible to exclude

him from the house. "I can only see one mode of relief for you. I will send you to some quiet place where he can not readily trace you, until I find some means of satisfying his demand upon me and ridding myself of him utterly."

"Order the carriage, and let it be under-stood by the household that you are going to Bayfield for a day or two. Leave the rest to me, and I will see that Lambert docs

"But-shall I not tell Sylvie?" asked Justine. "No; you would only cause her anxiety. Can you be ready in an hour?"
"Yes, easily."

Justine tripped away to prepare for her unexpected journey, and Mr. Granville turned to pace the room with a gloomy, dis-

In an hour Justine was driven away from The Terrace. She observed as she entered the carriage that Mr. Granville's own man, Simpson, was on the box; not the coachman, Mace. She smiled at the apparently unnecessary precaution, knowing the perfect trustworthiness of Mace. It was a close carriage, and Justine soon

grew restless as its solitary occupant. She opened the window and threw back her vail, though the air was sharp and keen,

vail, though the air was sharp and keen. They were passing over the strip of road bordered on one side by the deep forest.

Justine caught sight of a bent figure wrapped in a tattered scarlet cloak, with matted elf-locks streaming beneath the hood. She pulled the check-string with a sharp jerk, and the carriage came to a sudden stand-still by the woman's side. The man on the box looked over his shoulder and growled impatiently to himself, but he had received his instructions from his mass. had received his instructions from his mas-

ter and felt bound to obey.

"Is it you, my good Dame Witch?" cried
Justine, gayly. "Come, you shall be my
traveling companion so far as your way
lies. I don't believe your magic powers can conjure a conveyance so comfortable as this. Try it, and see how plush cushions

compare with bare broomsticks."
"My way is not yer way," returned the old woman, shortly. "Go yer course and bide yer time; there's dark days ahead, I Always croaking," exclaimed Justine.

"Why can't you streak the gloom with a little sunshine, for variety's sake?" Her words were arrested by a quick motion of the old woman's hand. Naome's ferret eyes had been fixed, not upon the girl's bright face, but on the surly fellow on the driver's seat. When his head was urned away she thrust a wisp of soft paper in at the open window, and hobbled away muttering and gesticulating as she went.

The carriage rolled on its way, and Jus-tine smoothed out the bit of rustling gray tissue paper with curious fingers. A sever ed tress of glossy dark hair fell from its

She caught it up and rained passionate kisses on the little severed curl. She recognized it as a silent yet assuring messenger from the husband to whom she yielded such strange allegiance.

A STARTLING EVENT AT THE TERRACE. Two men faced each other in the study at The Terrace, engaged in a bitter alterca-

Lambert learned of Justine's departure from the house, and surmised that she had gone with the purpose of avoiding him. He went at once to Mr. Granville and demanded to know her whereabouts, but to his amazement the latter declined to give him

any information Are you going mad?" Lambert exclaimed, angrily. "You will not find it child's play to go against me now. I have the game in my own hands. I could beggar you, Austin Granville; brand you with inamy, and perhaps consign you to a felon's

Imprisonment and hard labor for life! It would be a glorious end to your diplomatic career, would it not?"

"Threats are easily uttered, harder to execute," retorted Mr. Granville. "Are you a fool that you can not see how hopelessly you are in my clutches? But, I forget that you may not realize the entire extent of the knowledge I hold. I made an important addition to my former fund—by the merest chance-during my short absence from here.

"I know that you incarcerated Arthur Clare in a lunatic asylum for full five years after you promulgated the report of his

"You know, Austin Granville, that he was perfectly sane, unless you drove him mad at last by the treatment you ordered

W You know that instead of dying as you hoped he would under their discipline, he unaccountably gained strength and health. "After the lapse of five years you were apprised that, if not entirely rational, he was not sufficiently the victim of mental hallucination to justify his further confine-

"You caused him to be removed, and persuaded one of the under-keepers to give up his place in the asylum, to take private

charge of him.
"The man went back to the institution after a few weeks, telling the people there that Arthur Clare had taken his own life in a fit of frenzy, which was the recurrence of his malady in an aggravated form. He induced to place him in an asylum hoping to effect his recovery. But his physical of his malady in an aggravated form. He expressed his opinion that Clare's dismissal

had been premature, and that medical treatment he had received for some slight dis-order had been the immediate cause of re-awakening insane violence.

"This keeper was a favorite; he had a quiet, insinuating manner; a tread soft as a cat's; a faculty of ferreting out any underhand mischief which might be brewing, and any amount of muscle under a pale, purpose the property of the categories of the categories and any amount of muscle under a pale, purpose the categories of the categories are a pale. puny exterior, to force obedience from re-

fractory patients.
"His old official employers offered him his former position, but he declined it, and soon after disappeared from their view.

"I have been amusing myself by elaborating a theory from the facts I have presented.

"It would be a tragic sequel to the tale, would it not, if it should be proved that Arthur Clare was murdered; that the underkeeper was bribed to commit the foul deed, or to be accessory to it, and that his hire enabled him to retire from his vocation, while his indication. while his inclination and prudence most probably induced him to choose a different climate for his abode?

The matter will be an interesting one to work up, I think. I give you another day to resign Justine, unreservedly, into my hands; if at the end of that time you defy me, my first act shall be to make known the existence of Arthur Clare's will. My second, to establish the fact of his sanity, and then to drag forth every incident connected with his imprisonment, subscount remeable with his imprisonment, subsequent removal, and mysterious decease.

"Do you doubt now that I have the power to master you? I will be a very blood-hound on your track, but that I will drag you down to the lowest depths of despair and humiliation."

Mr. Granville uttered a short, sarcastic

Mr. Granville uttered a short, sarcastic laugh.

"My dear fellow, you are exciting yourself most unnecessarily. A little cool reflection will assure you what a wild course it is you are proposing. I warned you that Justine would prove unmanageable, and advised you to have patience; you took your own method and you see the result. You must perforce abide by it."

"Our understanding was that you should throw your influence into my cause. Instead of doing so, you encourage her first resistance and help her to clude me.

"Remember, if you refuse my terms it will be war to the teeth between us. If Justine is not delivered up to me, or if you have not given me accurate information of her whereabouts within twenty-four hours of this time, you will know what to expect."

of this time, you will know what to expect."
"By this time to-morrow—very well,"
said Mr. Granville, and the conversation

said Mr. Granville, and the conversation ended there.

"He takes it too quietly," Lambert said, to himself, thoughtfully. "The man has no conscientious scruples, and he seems equally dead to all fear of consequences. Can he hope to beat down the evidence I can bring against him, I wonder?"

It was late evening, and a lowering sky threatened inclement weather ere long. Notwithstanding, Mr. Granville ordered his horse, and rode away through the falling

horse and rode away through the falling

darkness quite unattended.

His excuses were carried back to his guest through the medium of a servant, and Lambert found himself thrown upon his own resources to while away the time, Sylvia having kept her room for a few days past

from a slight indisposition.

When the following day were toward its close without bringing the return of his host, Lambert regained the feeling of security which had been disturbed by the other's incomments his manner. impenetrable manner.
"He has thought better of it," he solilo-

quized, "and is bringing the willful little minx back again. Either her spirit or my will must break by and by, and I don't fear that I shall give ground; but I expect to find all the excitement I wish in taming her." About two miles from The Terrace was a

rambling, comfortable old inn, whose sign creaking without designated as The Happy Rest, It was nearing the close of the day when Mr. Granville rode into the inn yard, and giving his horse in charge of the hostler, ordered it fed and rubbed down to be ready

for his service again late in the evening.

A chilly rain had been falling during the earlier portion of the day, but now the wind had shifted to the north-west, and the rain had changed to a cutting sleet that tinkled against the inn windows, and drove in at the crevices, causing the ruddy heat of the roaring wood fires within to shine in tempt-

ng contrast to the wild aspect without.

Mr. Granville stood within the open porch as the man led away the tired animal he had ridden. While he remained there another man came into the porch, stamping to remove the crust of sleet from his boots. The new-comer was wrapped in a large traveling-cloak, the cape of which was muffled close about his throat, but this too pre-

sented a shining surface of the clinging Just within the doorway was a lobby with immense standing racks laden with the rougher outdoor paraphernalia of the assembled inmates.

The stranger threw his cloak over one of these racks, and went on through a dark hall in at an open doorway through which the dancing firelight threw a changeful

Mr. Granville was left quite alone.

A couple of minutes later a half-grown lad, an attache of the place, from very habit loitered through the outer entrance into the open porch. A man, wrapped in a large cloak, with his face muffled from the driving storm, was just ascending the steps.
"Here, my lad!" he called to the boy.
"Do you know a place somewhere in the neighborhood called The Terrace?"

You bet!" returned the boy, with char-ristic unconcern. "Two mile straight acteristic unconcern. ahead, if you be a-goin' there."

"Two miles! Well, my fine fellow, I'll give you two dollars if you'll take a letter

o a gentleman who is staying there, and can go at once."

"All right, my jolly cove," returned the boy, with alacrity. He was general errandboy for the establishment, and at the service of the guests, who seldom rewarded him with more than a trifling gratuity.

"Here then for Mr. Percy Lambert, at

"Here then, for Mr. Percy Lambert, at The Terrace. There is no answer."

The boy buttoned his jacket close, and drew down the earlaps of his greasy cap.

Then receiving the missive and a crisp new two-dollar note—the reward of his services given in advance—darted out through the

A little later Mr. Granville entered the tap-room of the inn. A half-score of loungers were scattered upon the benches,

and standing alone at one side of the fire,

giving no attention to those about him, was

the stranger who had last entered.

Mr. Granville cast one glance toward him, and twitching his hat lower over his face, passed through to the clerk's room, where he found mine host. The latter came forward smiling and bowing, well pleased. It was not often that the wealthy land-owner through the Happy Post with his presence. favored The Happy Rest with his presence.
"A warm supper in a private corner, Mr.

Barelay—any thing you can serve up soon."
"Beefsteak, roast fowl, ham, sir?" rapidly enumerated mine host. "Glad to see you sir. Tea or coffee—chocolate if you like! Am proud of the honor, I assure you, sir. Potatoes, mashed or boiled, squash, eggs, vegetables, any thing you are pleased

"Hot coffee and a beefsteak, then," said Mr. Granville. 'A new patron, eh?"
"Réally, sir, I can't say as yet. The gen'leman's orders were a bed and a private parlor in a quiet part of the house, which are being got ready for him now. Any thing more, sir?"
"Nothing more! I will wait here." Ab

Nothing more! I will wait here. Ah, yes; see that my horse is ready for me in a couple of hours."

The fussy landlord bustled out, and Mr. Granville flung back his great-coat of white Astrachan cloth trimmed with fur. There was not another one like it in the neighborhood, and any one of the idlers who had seen him could testify at least to this article of his dress, should he ever have need to call upon them.

He sunk into a chair with a strange, triumphant expression flitting across his face.

"Assuredly, the fates are favoring me," he said to himself, in a half-whisper.

"That man whose cloak I borrowed for a moment is no one else than Gerald Fon-

The boy, scudding away over the frozen road toward The Terrace, made good progress, and in half an hour delivered the letter at the door.

Lambert was in his room and the missive was sent up to him. He tore open the envelope, expecting a message from Mr.

A tiny shining key dropped from the inclosed strip and struck with a sharp ring upon the hearth. He secured it, and looked for an explanation of its presence. The paper contained only a line, evidently written in a disguised hand.

To be used when occasion requires!" He twisted it about his finger and was about to fling it into the grate, but upon second thought smoothed it out again, placing it on the low mantel-piece.

At the same moment there came a sharp ring at the entrance bell. This time it was an express messenger with a small steel-bound box for Mr. Lambert. Mace, who answered the door, carried it

The occasion has not been long in coming," soliloquized Lambert, when the man had retired. "If I am not mistaken, this little key unlocks the mystery contained in the box yonder. I wonder what concession

it brings? He fitted the key into the lock, and turn-There was a puff of white smoke, and an explosion which resounded through the house. The box, one of those devilish contrivances known most properly as "infer-nal machines," had burst into a thousand

CHAPTER X.

fragments.

THE RESULTS OF THE TRAGEDY. Sylvie had kept her room through an in-

disposition which was more of mind than of body, though she was by nature delicate and any mental disturbance was apt to wear upon her physical endurance. Justine's absence deprived her of the

healthy companionship which would have proved a tonic to her morbid inclinations. She had endeavored to drown out the depressing influence represented by the un-pleasant aspect without, by having a cheerful, blazing fire built in the wide, low grate and lowering the swinging chandelier, with its brilliant lights softened by tinted shades

of ground glass.

The room was well suited to its occupant. The carpet was white, starred with anemones, and a velvet rug before the fire was a brilliant and never-fading bouquet of blended colors. The hangings were azure satin lined with white. An exquisite little table, inlaid with white and blue in mosaic pattern, was drawn to the center of the floor, and Sylvie reclined on a couch by its

She had been reading, but the volume had dropped from her hand to the floor. She wore a flowing wrapper of fine white merino embroidered with azure in a rich, heavy pattern, and her feet were incased in white satin slippers, just showing beneath the deep fringe of the striped soft zephyr affghan she had drawn partially over her.

Her reverie had lost itself in semi-uncon-sciousness, when the report of that terrible explosion rung through the house. She started to her feet and rushed out in

to the gallery which led by a flight of wide steps into the hall beneath. The report had come from an opposite wing of the building, where she knew that the only occupied room was that which had been devoted to Lambert's use.

She fairly flew over the intervening space and burst in at the door, before any of the frightened servants of the house had thought of searching out the cause of the

There was a suffocating odor of gunpow der in the room. A table and a chair were overturned; the light was extinguished, but by the glow of the grate Sylvie could see Lambert's figure stretched darkly on

She flew toward him; then, obeying some impulse of common reasoning, turned and caught the bell-rope, knotted just within her reach. At that long, loud peal, every servant in the house started from the inertia with which they had been regarding each other, clustered in the warm cook-room, where the steaming dinner dishes were in

They found Sylvie kneeling upon the floor, Lambert's head pillowed in her arms, her white wrapper stained with the warm crimson blood which oozed from a dozen

She was a timid, gentle creature—one of those women who seem born for tender nurturing and a happy life. But the sight of the servants running hither and thither aimlessly called up in her the self-posses sion and forethought demanded by the

Lambert was raised and placed upon a couch, and Mace sent in all haste for medical assistance.

With her own hands Sylvie washed the blood from Lambert's face, and the house-keeper stripped lint and bound his wounds where she could to check the profuse bleed-

They could do nothing more. He lay limp and lifeless but for that silent core of blood from all those ghastly wounds.

Sylvie sat with her face buried in the pillow beside him, her bright hair, dabbled in his blood. It seemed to her ages ago since the slock of seeing him stretched senseless and bleeding upon the floor had first come to her, and yet no one came to give him aid. She put out her hand and touched the

She put out her hand and touched the bandages saturated with that crimson flood. A shudder convulsed her frame, knowing as she did that the silent ebb was every moment lessening the chance of life which might remain to him.

All the servants had been excluded from the room except the housekeeper, Crowton. Sylvie lifted her blanched face to look at

the red stain upon her hand.
"Can not we do smething for him?" she whispered. "Oh, will no one come until there is no hope?"

"I've done all I know, and the doctor'll be here soon," returned Crowton. "He's bleeding less, I think. Hark! some one is

Already! Sylvie had experienced a life-time agony in the last half-hour.

It was Mr. Granville. Some one had heard horse's hoofs thundering down the hard road leading past the inn, and hurried out to see Mace ride by the road hear out to see Mace ride by at a mad pace. This some one had gathered from the few words the man shouted as he passed that a terrible accident had occurred at The Ter-

The rumor was not long in reaching Mr Granville's ear. He immediately ordered his horse and made his way at his best

speed homeward.

He would have sent Sylvie away, but she steadily refused to leave Lambert's side, until the doctor came and insisted that she should do so, while he made a thorough examination of the wounded man's condition.

Mace had followed into the room, and was gathering fragments of burnished wood and steel from the floor.

"It's been one of them internal machines."

"It's been one of them infernal machines," he said, shudderingly. "Heaven's curse on the man who sent it!"

Mr. Granville, turning, ordered him sharply from the room; but Sylvie had heard the

man, and her white lips parted to breathe an amen to his words. She went back to her chamber, where no

thing was changed, yet to her-wrung to the heart with agonized suspense—the place seemed desolate as a tomb.

Her father came to the door presently, and was startled to see the strained pallor

Sylvie, my child, you must overcome your fright from this shock. It was a terrible thing, happening here; but you must not let it affect you so."

"Is he alive?" she whispered.

"Yes, just living."

"Who will watch with him to-night?"

she asked. "The doctor will return at midnight. Until then Crowton will remain with him. She is faithful, if not efficient, and there is nothing to do except to wait. Where are you going, Sylvie?"

She had thrown a large broche shawl about her form, and came to his side as he stood in the document.

stood in the doorway.

"To be with him, father! I think I should die if I staid here alone."

A suspicion crept into his brain for the first time, and he made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose.

"If she cares for him so," he said to himself, "it is better as it is. It would have killed her had he married Justine."

The night passed and the day followed it, and still Lambert lived. The doctor had not first expressed any hope of his recovery. Now he called Mr. Granville aside.

"The man may live," said the doctor.
"With careful attendance I may venture to say that he will. But it would be a mercy if he died, instead.'

"Explain yourself," said Mr. Granville.
"He will live, if it can be called living where the mind is dead. Let me illustrate to you how the calamity must have occurred, and you will under-

stand how inevitable is the consequence "Suppose this to be the box." a book on a little table near him. "He stooped over so as he turned the key. It exploded, the bulk of it shooting upward as you may see by those cracks in the ceiling and taking him across the top of the head literally tearing loose his scalp. His face and breast are torn with the slugs with which the thing was loaded, but not one penetrated to a vital point. All the dange lies in the wound on the top of his head thought first that his skull was crushed in beyond hope of life, but the injury to the bone is less than I had anticipated. His brain is paralyzed, though, and he must exist in hopeless idiocy. It's a pitiable case in a young man like him."

"Pitiable, indeed," returned Mr. Gran-ville. "Fortunate, though, that he has no near relatives to be distressed by such an

The doctor was a keen-eyed man, and he shook his head gravely with the thought which came into his mind. He had pene-trated Sylvie's interest in the injured man, and thought that the owner of The Terrace might be more nearly affected by the result than he could now anticipate.

"Is there no clue to the source from which the box came?" he asked. "I think I have found a clue," replied Mr. Granville. "At all events, I have act-

This was the course he had taken. Questioning the servants had elicited the facts regarding the delivery of the letter by the errand-boy from The Happy Rest, and the subsequent arrival of the box. of paper, with its single written line, was found upon the mantelpiece, and dented upon it could be traced the impression of a

Mr. Granville had the boy quietly summoned to his presence, and questioned him

The lad asserted that the missive had been intrusted to him by a strange gentle-man, who had paid him for carrying it to

He had not seen the gentleman's face and so could not swear to his identity; but he was tall, and was closely muffled in a large traveling cloak. The same cloak the boy had since seen upon a rack in the lobby at

Mr. Granville had no intention of acting without due apparent sifting of facts and deliberation upon them.

and held a private interview with the landlord. The cloak which the boy pointed out belonged to the strange guest who had come on the previous day, and who had registered as F. Gerald.

"Which my daughter," said mine host, who was of a garrulous turn, "thinks as he's a-travelin' incog, as his sleeve-buttons which he left on his table this morning when she were a-cleaning of his room were marked G. F. instead of F. G. Queen-looking buttons as I noticed myself, sir! Made double for wearing either side; one gold with raised initials, the other set with a bluish stone with tiny white ones around it. Pearls, my daughter Nanette thinks, which I as am not a judge do not purtend

After which mine host would have entered into a detailed account of the guest's wearing apparel as minutely observed by Nannette, who was firmly of the opinion that the gentleman was some established celebrity traveling incognito to escape the importunities of the people, and the honors they would confer upon him in his proper person. But, Nannette was always on the look-out for celebrities *ncog., and was given to romance-weaving from very slender

Mr. Granville cut short the relation with some pertinent questions regarding the de-meanor of the strange guest, and the maner in which he had occupied his time.

He appeared a born gentleman, mine host verred. Held every one at a distance and averred. minded his own concerns. He had gone out during the previous evening and did not return until late, but had kept within doors and taken his meals in his room during the

Clearly, mine host could give no information bearing upon the point which Mr. Granville was striving to reach; but the latter thought he could work safely upon the material already in his hands.

Leaving the inn he rode directly to Cen-

tretown, the county seat, seeking an interview with the magistrate resident there. He made a statement of the facts in his posses sion, procured the services of two county officials and a warrant for the arrest of the man at The Happy Rest who had registered as F. Gerald.

The warrant was served before evening, and not being admitted to bail, the man who claimed possession of the traveling-cloak was committed to jail, and lay there

awaiting his trial.

Lambert lay in a most critical condition The doctor spoke hopefully of his restora-tion to physical strength, but adhered to the belief that his mind was utterly destroyed.

The court was in session during the fol-lowing week, but in view of the still questionable results of the injuries Lambert had received, the case of the Commonwealth vs. F. Gerald was postponed until the next quarterly term, and the prisoner was remanded to a cell in the county jail. "Out of my way for three months," said

Mr. Granville, in one of his self-commun-ings, "and by that time I will no longer fear his baffling me."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 122.)

ROYAL KEENE, California Detective:

The Witches of New York. A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPA." ETC.

> CHAPTER XIX. ON THE SCENT.

A BOUT four hours after the interview between the detective and the old savant, a hackman, sitting on the box of his coach in Union Square, was accosted by a keen-eyed

"Did you drive a party from the Academy of Music to a house down in Water street?" the stranger asked, who was no other than the California detective, Bright. Weil"-and the coachman shut one eye and surveyed the stranger carefully-"] don't exactly remember whether I did or

not," and has live dollar bill help your "Would a five dollar bill help your memory any?" asked the detective, quietly, drawing a "greenback" from his pocket and displaying it in his open palm.

The coachman grinned.

"Now you're talkin', Cap.," he said, emphatically. "Wot do you want to know?"
"You drove the party to the place in Water street; then they all got out and entered the house. After a little while the woman came out, said something to you got into the carriage, and you drove off.' Cor-rect; you've got it down fine, now,' said the driver, in admiration.

Now. I want to know what the woman said to you and where you drove her to." "What's the lay, anyway?"

"Five dollars for you if you give me the information; that's your 'lay;' what mine is, is my own business and nobody else's." "Well, you're jes' as sharp as a meat-ax; don't play many points on you, you kin jes' bet! I'm your man fur to rake in that V," the driver said. "The woman told me that I needn't wait fur the rest of the party, but that I could drive her to the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, which I did, an' she got out an' 'lit' out down Twenty-third street toward Fifth avenue. Got the worth of your five dollars, boss?"

"Hardly, but a bargain's a bargain; here's the money," and the detective handed the bill to the driver and sauntered off careless ly up the street.
"He's a cool hand, whoever he is," the

hackman said, as he pocketed the bill. 'Not much information gained there,' the detective said to himself, as he walked slowly onward. "The woman evidently lesigned to throw any one off her track. I am at fault. Luck must aid me here, for calculation can't."

"Say, mister," piped a childish voice, in a shrill treble, close by the detective's side.

Bright looked around and saw a little ragged, red-headed urchin. The folded papers under his arm told what his vocation Well, what is it, sonny?" asked Bright.

"I heered wot you said to that feller wot drives the hack," and the boy grinned intelligently.

"You bet ; I kin show you where the gal went to if you'll come down with the stamps," the boy said, and he winked one During the day he rode over to the inn | eye in a very significant manner.

"Luck turns up a trump-card, by Jove!" the detective cried to himself, in glee. "All right, my little man; I guess you and I can

You bet we kin?' cried the youth, con-

"How did you happen to know any thing about this affair?" Bright asked. "Well, I hangs out round John Allen's, in Water street, I does; them's my stumpin'-grounds at night. I was a-snoozin in a coal-box when the carriage driv' up an' coaches ain't common down in Water an coaches and common down in water street, boss; so I jist watched how the old thing worked. I see'd 'em go into the crib, then I see'd the gal come out and heerd her speak to the cove wot driv' the hack. An' when I heerd her speak I knew who

"You did?" cried the detective, in glee he was paying very strict attention to the newsboy's story.
"Yes; I see'd her act at the the-a-ter. I

used fur to go inter the gallery; it was jes' bully, now, I tell yer."

"She is an actress, then?"

"That's so—I see'd her; don't fool this child much now, you bet!" cried the boy, with a sagacious wink.

"You kept your eyes upon her, then?"
"Well, I jes' did, now. I thought somethin' was up, so when the masheen driv' off, I jumped up ahind. The gal went down Twenty-third street, an' I follered her till she wept home." she went home.'

You know where she lives?" "Oh, no, of course not; it's the man around the corner.

That's just what I want to know." Bright understood the boy.
"I say, sport, it takes stamps to buy whisky," the boy said, with an air of wis-

dom. "How much?" "How's a dollar for high?" inquired the

"I'chip'in."
"I'call' you, sport," and the boy extended his hand; it was evident from his speech that he was no stranger to the beau-

ties of the mystic game known as poker.

The detective placed a dollar in the hand of the boy, and he quickly conveyed it to his pocket.

Do you want fur to know her name?" "Miss Coralie York."

"And where does she live?"
"I kin show you, but I can't tell you."
"Go ahead, then." "It's up-town," and the boy led the way up the street. "Say, wasn't it lucky, boss, that I see'd you last night down in the sa-

"Did you see me there?" the detective

"Course I did; that's the reason why I hung round when you was a-talkin' to the hackman. I thought maybe that you might want fur to know somethin' bout it."

Up the street till they reached Twenty-second; then they turned into that street, and went on till the boy at last halted before a modest two-story brick house.

fore a modest two-story brick house.
"This is the crib," he said, confidently. "You are sure that you haven't made

any mistake ?" "Nary mistake," replied the boy, promptly. "Say, sport, if you ever want any job like this done, jes' you come to me. Billy Bat's my name; any of the rounders down in Water street knows me. I'm the boy with the auburn hair, I am !" And then the boy danced off down the street.

"Shall I make a bold dash for it?" mused the detective. "I am almost certain that she took the will from the old man when she bent over him before she alled was Revealer into the room.

called Van Rensselaer into the room. The blow may as well be struck now as at any other time. The sudden stroke may take her by surprise. I'll go it, just for luck."

And with this determination, the detective ascended the steps and rung the door-

In a few seconds a servant opened Is Miss Coralie York in?" the detective

asked, blandly.
"Yes, sir," the girl replied.
"Will you be kind enough to tell her that a gentleman desires to see her on important business?"

Shall I take up your name, sir?" "No; that is useless; I am an entire stranger to Miss York; she would not know my name. Only be particular to tell her that my business is very important." Yes, sir. The servant conducted the detective into

the modest little parlor, and then withdrew to bear the message to the lady. 'Now I wonder what sort of a party this is." Bright muttered, as he sat down in a comfortable easy-chair, and waited for the young lady to make her appearance. He did not have long to wait, for in a few

minutes Coralie entered the room. The moment the detective's eyes fell upon her face, he started as though he had received an electric shock; while Coralie upon her part looked amazed when she beheld the It was evident that both were strangely

Controlling his wonder with a powerful effort, the detective rose to his feet and bowed to the girl. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Coralie York?" he asked.

The girl gazed with a look of blank amazement into the face of the detective,

when his voice fell upon her ear.
"Yes, that is my name," she said, slowly, recovering from her astonishment.

"I beg pardon!" exclaimed the detective, suddenly; "but have I not had the pleasure

of seeing you before?"
"I think so," she replied, " for your voice

is strangely familiar and your face also, but I can not remember where."
"Neither can I," he said, puzzled, "and it is very strange, for I seldom forget a face. But allow me to offer you a chair, as our interview may take up some time." The two sat down facing each other.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RECOGNITION. "In the first place, to begin right at the beginning," said Bright, "I am a detective officer."

Coralie started in surprise. "A detective officer!" she exclaimed, in astonishment, not unmixed with alarm. "Yes, Miss, a detective officer," repeated the gentleman, coolly, never taking his keen eyes off the pretty face of the actress

for a moment. A rapid and a searching glance Coralie cast at the impassive face of the detective, I as though she expected therein to read his

thoughts, but the face of the Californian

was as a sealed volume.

"A detective officer, and you have business with me?" she asked, slowly, and in a tone of wonder.

"Yes; you must not be astonished at that; we detectives, you know, have business with almost everybody. I suppose of course that you are curious to know what my business is with you?"

Yes, I frankly confess I am curious." "I will not keep you long in suspense, but proceed at once to explain. Last night an old gentleman named Hartright was de-coyed from the masquerade ball at the Aca-demy of Music to a low den in Water street. A woman acted as the decoy. There, in the Water street dance-house, the old gentleman was induced to drink a glass of drugged wine. He fell asleep, and during his sleep was robbed of a valuable paper." Coralie's face grew deathly white as she listened to the words of the detective, but

beyond that she betrayed no sign of emo-"What has this to do with me?" she

asked, with a great effort controlling her-self and speaking with an unnatural calm-"Only that you are the vailed woman

who, in this matter, acted as the tool of David Van Rensselaer." Coralie wondered at the knowledge poscorane wondered at the knowledge possessed by the detective, but made no reply.

"You do not answer," Bright said, after quite a long pause. "You can not deny that I have spoken the truth. I do not blame you for the part that you have played in this affair, for I fully understand that it was forced upon you, and that, until the last moment, when retreat was impossible, you did not really know what you were

you did not really know what you were 'Suppose that I do not deny the truth: why should you think that I am in possession of the paper stolen from the old gentle-

"The guess is natural enough; the paper was in the old man's possession when he entered the room. After you departed, the paper was gone," Bright answered.

"And your business with me?" Coralie constioned.

Is to ask you to give up the paper."

"To you? "Suppose I have the paper, why should

I give it to you? What assurance have I that you are not an enemy to the old gentleman rather than a friend?" "And your purpose, then, in taking the paper was to prevent it from falling into the hands of David Van Rensselaer?" Bright

said, quickly.
"I have not confessed that I have the paper yet," Coralie replied, a smile appear-ing on her face for the first time.

The detective laughed.
"I have very little doubt regarding that.
Have you any idea of what that paper is, or of its value?" Coralie shook her head.
"David Van Rensselaer would be willing

to give from ten to twenty thousand dollars for that document. The young girl looked astonished.

"It is the will of his father, Philip. It gives one-half of the property to David and Clara, and the other half to Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer, his eldest child."

The Corolic and length represented that

Then Coralie suddenly remembered that Alice Van Rensselaer was the child of whom

the stranger had spoken!
"You see that David Van Rensselaer was playing for a heavy stake when he entrapped you into aiding his purpose."
"Yes," Coralie said, absently; her thoughts were busy with the history of the lost heir as related by the stranger during

the interview in the dance-house Do you know that I think I can

suade you to give me that paper ?" the detective said, suddenly During the whole interview he had been critically examining the girl's face. The cool, clear-headed detective officer was

strangely interested in the young and pretty Coralie looked at her visitor in astonish-

"Do you think so?"
"Yes, I have an idea that you and I are old friends." "Your voice and face are so familiar, and yet—" Coralie paused in doubt.

'Oh, I've changed greatly in three years," he said, carelessly.
"Three years!" The girl started, and a crimson flush came into her pale cheeks.
"Yes, three years ago the bronze of the sun was not upon my cheeks; the piney wind of the sierras had not roughened my brow. Wielding the pick in the mountain gulches and clinging to the back of a halftamed mustang on the prairie, have tough-ened the weak sinews and given a more

manly vigor to the form of the once drunk-Almost breathless, Coralie sprung from

"Oh! my heart did not deceive me!" she cried, in joy. "The moment I saw your face it whispered the truth to me. Oh, how blind I have been not to have recognized you at once, Royal!" And with a glance full of love she extended her hands to him.

My own dear girl !" he cried, rising to his feet. Another moment she was in his arms, folded to his heart. She wound her arms around him as the clinging vine winds around the oak. Her

heart was too full for words. "I guessed that it was you the moment you entered the room," he said; "but you have changed greatly in three years. Who could have expected to find Sue, the Orange Girl, in the famous actress, Coralie York

"I knew that you were not dead," she murmured; "I knew that some day you "And so I have, and now, Sue, my own dear girl, will you give me that paper?"
"Yes," she said.

"I knew that I could persuade you," he said, laughing.
She hid her blushing face on his breast.

"By the way, Sue, how about the promise that you gave me three years ago? Does Do you wish it so?" she asked, lowly. "Do you doubt it?" he cried, quickly

"Ah, Sue, I've dreamed of this moment many a time during the past three years. Every time that I added an ounce of gold to my store, I said, 'that brings me so much nearer to the girl I love.' First to complete my task of vengeance, and then to find happiness in your love.

"A task of vengeance?" she said.
"Yes; I've yet to punish Van Rensselaer
for that dark night's work in Mulberry

street, when poor O'Kale fell by his assassin hand. It was David Van Rensselaer who set fire to the old house to destroy all evidence of his crime. And now he wishes to get possession of this will so that he may rob his half-sister, Alice, of her share of his father's estate. A cool, calculating villain is this same Van Rensselaer."

But this girl, Alice - is she living?" Coralie asked.

"I hope so; I have a brother detective employed to hunt her up now. Do you know what this old gentleman Hartright declares ?"

'No; what?" "That you are Alice Van Rensselaer."

Coralie shook her head sadly. "I know that; that is the reason why he went with me so readily from the masquerade. In the tones of my voice even he detected a resemblance to the child confided

But you yourself-what do you think of "I wish that it were possible, but I am afraid that it is not," the girl said, mourn-

He is strong in the belief. I had an interview with him this morning and almost his last words to me were, that when I found you I would discover the heiress to

half of the Van Rensselaer estate. Do you know who your parents were, Sue?" "Perhaps, then, the old man may be right in his assertion?" Bright said, hopefully. "I am afraid not. Last night he told me the story of Alice Van Rensselaer, and though in some particulars it reminded me

of my own life, yet the name of the woman to whose care he confided the child was not Sit down, Sue, and tell me all that you can remember of your childhood; perhaps it may aid me."

CHAPTER XXI.

DIGGING THE MINE. CORALIE drew her chair close to that of her lover, and leaning her head on his shoulder, while his arm encircled her waist,

The first I can remember is living in a large wooden house surrounded by trees. feel sure that this house was in the country A middle-aged woman whom I used to call aunty took care of me. Her name was Wil-Her husband was a great, strong, brutal man who used to steep his brain in liquor and then come home and ill-treat her. I think I was about five years old at that

"But, can you not remember any of your life before this period that you speak of?" the detective asked.

"Nothing distinctly," the girl replied, slowly; "a sort of dreamy remembrance comes back to me, sometimes, wherein I see other faces, and hear other voices, but it is so shadowy that I can hardly believe it is any thing but fancy. One dark night aunty took me by the hand after having dressed me for walking, and we left the house. did not understand it then, but I do now she was flying from her husband. We came to New York. She had a hard struggle for existence, and finally, acting under the advice of the woman with whom she had found shelter, she sent me out into the street with a basket of fruit to sell." The woman's daughter also sold fruit in the

street and she instructed me." "But is your name Susan?" "I don't know; Mrs. Wilson always called me Dolly, but my street friend said that was no name at all and that I must be called Susan. When I asked aunty if Dolly was truly my name she became angry and i me and so at last when any one ed what my name was, I answered Su

Your story affords me no clue," Bright said, slowly. "But don't despair. T've got one of the best men in the detective force on the scent and he'll discover the truth if

But, Royal," said the girl, suddenly, "why did you not give your name to the servant, or did you wish to surprise me?"
"You forget, my darling, I hadn't the re-

motest idea that it was you whom I was going to see," he replied. "How could I guess that Coralie York, the actress, was Sue Wilson, the Orange Girl? Besides, all New York knows me now as James Bright, the Californian detective. Royal Keene has changed, too, you see, in three years. But to me you are just the same

"Just as dear?" he quizzed, roguishly passing his hand lightly over the smooth forehead of the girl.

"Yes," she whispered, lowly and coyly.
"And now I must say good-by," he said, rising, "I've work on hand that must not

When will you come again?" she asked, quickly.
"Will you be at home to-morrow even-

Yes. "I will come then; good-by."
Again he pressed the lithe form of the oung girl to his heart, kissed the ripe, red lips so full of dewy freshness, and then took

als departure. "If she would only turn out to be the heir now," he murmured, as he walked up the street. "What a terrible vengeance that would be, for me to marry the woman whose presence in the world robs Van Rensselaer of half his fortune! Half his fortune!" he repeated, slowly. "Why not the whole? Why not with one blow crush

him to the earth, a beggar?"

The face of the detective grew dark and troubled as he brooded over the question. By heaven! I'll do it!" he exclaimed decidedly, after a long pause, during which he had revolved the subject over in his mind. "I'll hit upon some scheme. First his reputation; then his fortune; and then -shall the gallows play a prominent part in the last act of the drama? We shall

As the detective turned into the avenue he nearly ran over Oward, the reporter, who was hurrying down the street.

"Hallo!" cried Joe; "you're the very man I want to see."

Well, what is it?" When does that little affair come off?"

What affair lo you mean?"

What you told me about when we were driving down-town from the masquerade last night-the descent on the club-room.' An, yes, I remember now," Bright said "I rather think I shall explice the mine

families in New York is the proprietor of the den," Bright said, with a quiet smile.

"Oh, it will make a sensation, sure!" the reporter exclaimed, rubbing his hands to-

gether, gleefully. "Well, meet me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to night about nine. I shall know by that time whether it will come off to-night

"Depend upon me; I'll be on hand."
Then the two parted.
Bright proceeded directly to the Central
Police Station, and had a long interview
with the Superintendent of Police, and when he parted with that gentleman, there was a smile of triumph playing around his

The first blow to-night," he muttered ; "the second will soon follow. I don't in-tend to give him breathing time between the strokes. Cranshaw may be back to-morrow. If he succeeds in finding out any thing about the heir—any thing that will give me a clue as to where she is-I ask for nothing more."

As Bright turned into Broadway he came face to face with Abrams, the diamond

"Hold on!" he cried, catching that worthy gentleman by the arm.
"What you wants mit me?" exclaimed the Jew, in astonishment, gazing into the

face of the other. "You don't know me, eh?" "So s'help me, I never saw you before!"
"Oh, yes, you have; take a good look at

The Jew adjusted his eye-glasses on his nose and surveyed Bright keenly. Gradually a look of recognition came over his face. "Oh, Moses! if 'tisn't Mister Keene!" And the Jew grasped him cordially by the

"Hush! don't mention the name quite so loud, please," Bright said, drawing the

broker to one side.

"Vash is de matter, my tear " asked the Jew, inquiringly.

"You forget that little bit of paper that I deposited with you about three years ago, and which you disposed of to David Van Rensselaer. Oh, Abrams! to go back on a friend in that way!" and the detective shock his back an appropriate.

shook his head, mournfully.
"It vash not mine fault; you no come as you said and take up de note," the Jew exclaimed, with outstretched hands.

When a man pours in liquor he generally drives out sense," Bright said, tersely.
"Why, you gave me, bound hand and foot, right into the clutches of my worst enemy."
"So help's me Isaac! I thought he vash a friend of yours all de vile!" Abrams protected.

'You got me into a pretty hobble. I had to get out of the country."
"You leaf your gountree for your goun tree's goot, eh?" and the Jew chuckled at

the joke.

"Exactly; and now, old boy, I've got another little bit of business with you."

"Dat ish all right. I hafe do' much bis'ness with you. I hafe bought almost every t'ing you hafe in de world, from your diamonds down to your boots," and the jolly broker laughed, boisterously. "You ish a good feller; I likes you very much. You hafe somet'ing to sell—I gifes you good price for it."

price for it." It is a certain paper-" "No more notes, mine goot friend—"
"Don't be in a hurry," interrupted the detective; "it isn't a note, but a will—"
"A will!" exclaimed the Jew, in amaze-

"What you s'pose I do mit a will, Sell it!" Who would buy such a t'ing?"

"Only one man in the world, and that man, David Van Rensselaer." I no understand." Why, it is the will of his father, Philip. This will has just come to light. It rather

interferes with David, and he would give good round price to get his fingers upon ne will and destroy it." the will and destroy it."

"You 'tink so, eh?" the Jew said, thoughtfully.

"Why, man, I know so. Come, you owe me a little for letting Van Rensselaer get hold of that note. Now, then, I want you

to take this will to Van Rensselaer and offer to sell it to him; or, rather go to him and tell him that you know where the will is, and that for a certain price you will place it in his hands."

'Ah, I see, my tear; you vant monish, 'It's a very natural want; almost every

body in this world is troubled that way."

"Dat ish true; you come mit me to mine office, and I talks mit you." Arm in arm the two proceeded up the

(To be continued - Commenced in No. 119.)

Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNF REID, AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHE," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XCVII.

THE DEATH-SHOT. NOTWITHSTANDING his determination to kill Richard Darke—his passionate impatience to do it—Clancy is checked in the pursuit. He is not so madly reckless as to give his enemy another chance of killing

Perceiving the advantage the latter has gained, his own danger by going nearer, he suddenly reins up. And not an instant too soon. He may already be within range of that gun whose bright barrel gleams over

the rock, reflecting the moonbeams. While deliberating what to do he is saluted by a speech:

'I don't know who or what you are But I warn you to come no nearer. If you

Clancy, recognizing Darke's voice, and exasperated by the threat, does not wait for the speech to be finished. He shouts

back:
"You red-headed rufflan! If you don't know who I am, you will soon find out. I'm the man you thought you had killed under a cypress-tree in the State of Mississippi! The man who now intends killing you, in fairer fashion, upon a prairie of Texas. Richard Darke, prepare for your death shot!"

The words produced a fearful effect on "You promised to let me know, you know. It will make a splendid sensation article."

"Yes, particularly when you explain that a descendant of one of the cldest and best that a descendant of one of the cldest and best that a descendant of one of the cldest and best that a descendant of one of the cldest and best that a descendant of one of the cldest and best that a thought it might be Simeon Woodley; but it was not Woodley who spoke. It appeared to be Charles Clancy; and Clancy it could not be!

Darke felt appalled at the summons: stern, terrible, as if spoken by an avenging angel. Was he still drunk or dreaming?

His g:m was nearly gliding from his grasp. But, with a last desperate resolve, and an effort almost mechanical, he raised the piece to his shoulder, took aim, and

Clancy, waiting his reply, saw the flash, the jet, the white smoke puffing skyward; then heard the crack, and, along with it, the "tzip" of a bullet, that passed close to his

ear—too close for safety.

He remembered that Darke was accus tomed to carry a double-barreled gun. The report was that of a smooth-bore. A sec-ond shot might be better aimed. He could not return the fire with any chance of hitting his adversary. The sheltering rock, the moon dazzling his eyes, every thing was against him. Besides, he had himself but one barrel—one bullet; it must not be idly

There was no alternative but retreat to a safer distance, and there stay, holding his enemy in siège until he could think of some plan for dislodging him.

He did this. Wrenching his horse round,

he rode off some paces, and again faced to-

ward the rock. There were the two men, both still seated in the saddle; one only seen by the other. And both were now silent, after the

other. And both were now stient, after the short colloquy terminated by the shot—not another word passing between them.

Darke, reflecting, had somewhat recovered from his fright, at least that part of it due to the supernatural. After all, Clancy might have survived the attempt on his life. It may have been he who rescued Helen Armstrong under the live-oak. It must have been—he was alive—he was there!

To Darke the reality was as fearful as that fancied, not less foreshadowing his fate. Although no longer believing his pursuer a specter, but knowing him to be flesh and blood, he felt all the same a sad

presentiment of death.

While he was giving way to this, Charles Clancy was cogitating how to accomplish it; thinking of some plan to approach his skulking antagonist. He thought of mak-ing a circuit round the rock, but soon abandoned the idea. It could not avail him. His adversary could do the same, keeping the bowlder between. It would be only time wasted.

A yelp interrupted his cogitations. He turned hastily on hearing it. Brasfort was by his side. In the long chase—a trial of

by his side. In the long chase—a trial of speed between two horses—the hound had fallen behind. The halt had enabled it to recover the distance and rejoin its master.

Once up, the dog did not stay. Instinct told him the game was still ahead; and, after giving out the single note of greeting, he passed on in a straight run for the rock.

In ten seconds after the bound was be-In ten seconds after the hound was be hind the bowlder; and Clancy, listening heard what caused him to loosen his bridle rein and urge his horse rapidly in the same direction, tightening the grasp on his gun.

Darke saw the animal coming up, under the moonlight; plainly saw and remember ed its markings; remembered, too, how it had troubled him under the cypress-tree, and afterward savagely assailed him. Ne-mesis, with all the host of hell, seemed now

let loose upon him!

The hound was soon by his side, and its hostility in the Mississippian forest was naught to that shown now. It sprung at him like a panther, open-mouthed; at his legs, as they hung dangling in the stirrups In an instant its fangs were fixed in his calves, causing him to shriek with affright as with pain.

In wild dismay he forgot the horseman and only thought of the hound. He strug-gled to shake the animal off, to kill it—at the same time endeavoring to keep behind

the bowlder. But his horse, sharing his affright, no longer obeyed the rein, and, prancing about, soon parted from the rock, uncovering his rider completely.

Clancy, coming up, saw the advantage His rifle was raised quick as for the shooting of a snipe; the clear crack followed, and, simultaneous with it, Richard Darke dropped out of his saddle and fell face most on the plain.

Clancy, dismounting, advanced toward the prostrate form. At first hastily, to hinder his hound from mutilating it, which the dog seemed determined to do

On the animal being scolded off, he ap proached slowly and in silence. close up he saw that his enemy had cease to live, and what lay before him upon the plain was but a breathless body. Stooping over it to see where his bullet

had struck, he said:
"In the breast, just where he hit me, thinking it was my Death Shot. Well, he has got his; and God will forgive me for ridding the world of such a villain."

Then, rising erect, with eyes turned to-ward heaven, in the same attitude as when afar off he stood over his mother's grave, and in like solemn tone, he added: "I've kept my vow. Mother thou art

CHAPTER XCVIII.

A LONE PEDESTRIAN. Nor long did the victor tarry by the body of his fallen foe. The companionship of the dead is ever painful, even when an

Something of this stole over Charles Clancy as he stood beside the corpse. For he had no longer any strong passion to sustain him—not even anger. With the death of Darke his vow had been fulfilled. His vengeance was now satisfied, and his heart once more throbbed with the gentler

enemy; and, with no one near, may be ap-

feelings of humanity, as was its wont.

A shudder passed through his frame as he gazed upon Darke's features—sinister even in death. In spite of their forbidding aspect, he felt sad while contemplating them. He wished it had been otherwise, and that the terrible retribution could have

been avoided. But it could not. It had been forced upon him. With this reflection justifying himself, he turned his back upon the corpse, calling Brasfort away from it. The dog still showed hostility to the dead, and would have mutilated the body, if permitted. The ca-nine instinct of ferocity had no generous impulse to appease it, and only yielded to stern words and gestures of menace from

its master. Clancy sprung upon his horse, intending to go in search of Jupiter. To do this he must return on his own tracks, for the discovery of which the scent of the hound was

muzzle. Both were taken off, and it sprung in full cry along the trail.

It was a short run. Before the dog had

gone three hundred yards from the rock, Clancy, keeping close after, galloped in front, and whipped the animal in.

Because he saw coming up, advancing as if to meet him, what appeared to be the man he was starting in search of.

At all events, it was a pedestrian who approached, and he surmised it to be Jupiter.

proached, and he surmised it to be Jupiter. After scanning the figure, and noting the gait, he knew it was Jupiter.

He did not wait for the mulatto to come up. He had checked the hound, because its assistance was no longer needed. Now urging his horse to a quick gallop, he soon after halted a second time, the pedestrian standing by his stirrup.

standing by his stirrup, saw oot 110 bnA
Jupiter's tale was short and soon told, Jupiter's tale was short and soon fold, though it scarce needed telling. He had been following afoot. The bright moonlight had enabled him to do this, as also the pace by which Clancy had pursued, necessarily slow, waiting for the hound to do its work. Jupiter had lost sight of him after Darke came in view, and there commenced that straight chase leading on to the rock. Though neither pursued, nor pursuer was

Though neither pursued nor pursuer was any longer visible, he had continued traveling toward the point where they had disap-

peared from his view.

But while thus uncertainly advancing, he heard sounds that better directed him-shots. Making note of the quarter whence they seemed to come, and comparing it with that where the moon was seen near the horizon, he had renewed his bearings, and with all speed kept on. He knew that where the shots had been heard he would find a dead body. It might be that of his master, or his master's enemy. He could not know which; but he had his hopes, with a presentiment that gave him confiwith a presentiment that gave him confidence. Clancy's words at parting had in-spired him with this. He had taken note of his strength and determination. There was something in the air—a speaking electricity—that told him the man of God would triumph and the child of the Devil be dis

As through the morning haze he saw a horseman approaching, even before the lat-ter came near, he knew it was Charles Clancy returning toward him. And he could tell he was returning triumphant that he had fulfilled the vow so solemnly

A few seconds sufficed for all this expla-

They were about leaving the spot, though undecided which way to take, when, looking behind, they saw that which decided

It was a riderless horse, galloping over the plain. He was not going in any direct course, but careering about in circles or spiral curves, the rock that Clancy had lately left appearing to be the pivot. They could see that he carried both saddle and bridle, the latter trailing.

There was no mystery either about the animal's presence or its actions. Clancy knew that the empty saddle had lately been occupied by him who lay dead upon the

His only thought was how to get possession of the horse, and make him available for the mounting of the mulatto.

This purpose was followed by immediate action; which ended in the capture of the

riderless steed. Easily enough was the creature taken. Not accustomed to be alone, after a turn or two upon the open plain, it came back to the spot where it had lost its rider; there delivering itself up to him who had lighten-

ed it of its load Jupiter gliding rapidly on, reached the body of Richard Darke, gazing down upon

Some strange reflections the spectacle must have afforded him. As he looked upon the stiff, outstretched arms, lying helpess along the grass; the hands, with fingers curving like claws, now nerveless; he may have thought how these once clutched a "cowhide" that had scored his own back, leaving "weals" still terribly discernible!

CHAPTER XCIX.

IN DANGER YET. REJOINED by his faithful servitor, each now having a horse, Clancy thought only of returning to the San Saba, and thence on to the Mission.

Before starting, two considerations occupied him—first, about finding the way; se-cond, the necessity for caution in their fur-ther movements. They were still in danger from Borlasse and his freehooters. Beyond doubt, these would be after them as soon is they recovered from their riotous debauch. Once awake, they would find their prisoner gone, and the mestizo in his blood, as the mulatto had left him. The last would rouse

them to a relentless pursuit. Besides, Jupiter's escape would make them apprehensive about their own safety, and they would strain every nerve to recap-

Conjecturing that Jupiter would seek the place where he himself had been put into the "prairie stocks," as Borlasse facetiously termed it, they would strike for that point. And their pursuit would be immediate on

discovering how things stood. Judging by the hour of the day, now late morning, they might be seen at any moment. There had been ample time for them to get that far across the plain, supposing them to

have started at sunrise. Thus Clancy reasoned. As he continued to reflect he became still more convinced of the necessity to act with prudence. So far all had gone well. Despite the bitter words which, at parting, Borlasse had hissed into his ear, he had now no anxiety about Helen

Armstrong. Jupiter's report, brought from the robbers' rendezvous, had put an end to his appre-hensions on that head. The man who lay dead by his side, so far from having her in his arms, had not again seen her. He could trust Simeon Woodley for having taken her safe home, though whether to find her father alive he could not tell. That would depend on what had transpired at the Mis sion. Colonel Armstrong may have been killed, Dupre, and others. The whole body of colonists may have been massacred. men who came back laden with plunder were capable of any atrocity-even murder by wholesale. Jupiter could not tell what they had done, the robbers about this preserving silence. Even the traitor, Fernand while fraternizing with him, and apparently intoxicated, had been reticent on that theme It was not now the time to dwell upon it.

once more brought into requisition.

It was no longer necessary that the animal should be incumbered with leash or his own and his companion's retreat. To

do this called for circumspection-for the utmost caution. If again taken by Borlasse there would be an end of every thing—certain death, then.

Such a catastrophe was not only still possible, but probable.

What was the best course to avoid it? Remain by the rock, and use it as a cover, till darkness again came down? Or at once start for the San Saba, taking their chance of passing unobserved over the plain?

He knew the direction of the river. The still ascending sun gave him this, though not the exact course that would bring him to the gorge leading down to its valley. That was not much. Once on the bluff, he could ride along it till he should discover

the sloping descent. He was anxious to know what had occurred in the colony; impatient to be by the side of her he had rescued. He might find her in affliction, by a murdered father, with heart torn, as had been his own when standing by the grave of his murdered mo-ther. He longed to be with her, to know the worst; and if it was thus, to give sym-

pathy and such consolation as he could.

Thus reflecting, he determined to set forth. But not in rash recklessness. Too much of this spirit he had already reason to repent. Hereafter he would act with more prudence, and put greater trust in sagacity. So resolving, he commenced a scrutiny of the plain, his object being to make out his course. He must not go toward the place where he had been buried, but the opposite. In what direction was it? How could he tell? Was there any landmark? Where

The position he occupied was favorable for observation. The rock cropped out from the summit of a ridge, the "divide" between the two great rivers—the San Saba and Colorado. It trended for many miles, longitudinally, with a sharply-defined crest that resembled the combing of a sea-wave. It was one of those formations, in French rapper phraseology called coteau de prai-

On each side the surface sloped abruptly down, till it reached the general level, the whole eminence having a breadth of some

Clancy commanded a view of the plain on both sides as far as vision could extend. The sun's position in the sky gave him a clue to the points of the compass, as also to the direction in which lay the two rivers. As he continued attentively to interrogate the surrounding scene, something attracted

nis glance, at once fixing it, It was a tree, tall, and of peculiar shape. He thought he remembered it. So thought Jupiter; and, gazing at it, both became

It was the same that had guided the prairie pirates in their traverse of the plain.
It grew conspicuously upon the crest of the ridge, just within sighting distance of the rock. It had also served Jupiter as a andmark on his retreat from the robbers

The place where Clancy had been planted in the earth was not far off; and his chase after Darke had led him past, though he did not then notice it.

Continuing his survey, he soon made himself familiar with the topography of the plain; saw the direction he ought to take, as also that to be shunned. as also that to be shunned.

Unfortunately, they were the same. To strike for the tree would put him on the trail leading to the Sau Saba. But it might also bring him in contact with Borlasse and

his band, should they be coming back that As he was cogitating what course to pursue, there came under his eyes that which at once decided him. To his right, in the rection of the Colorado, something glanced upon the surface of the plain. It reflected the sunlight; not from a single solitary point, but several coruscations appearing at

Already experienced in prairie signs, Clancy had no difficulty in reading this. The prinkling points told him of gun-barrels, butts of pistols, bowie-knives, steel bits, and stirrups glistening in the sun. They shone more conspicuously against a dark background, that soon became distinguishable as a body of mounted men.

They were coming from the side of the Colorado. He could have no doubt about

who they were. The prairie pirates to a certainty! (To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

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IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I hear the murmur of the rill;
The sunbeams on it glance and shine;
I look upon it with a thrill,
But oh, it turns no mill of mine!

Far stretch the fields of bearded wheat; The tossing heads I love to see Beneath the light wind's winged feet, But not a grain belongs to me.

Broad reaches of fair meadowy realms With clover blossoms overrun, How soft the light that overwhelms! How hard the thought that I own none.

Broad fields of tilting corn I see, Each blade is bright with sunny fleck, How sweet they beckon nato me— How sad, I could not buy a peck.

The flocks are white upon yon hill,
Against a background of pure green.
They slumber in the noontide still—
Yon farmer owns them and—how mean!

How bright those rural homes appear, Seen barely through the clambering vine And songs of happy wives I hear, But none, not one of them is mine.*

You orchard hangs with apples red;
They cling in clusters rare and fine,
Inviting mortals to be fed—
And unless something extraordinary happens,
A pocketful will soon be mine.

*The meaning of the last line is a little indistinct.—Eb.

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF " IN THE WILDERNESS."

III.-THE GRAND HAUL!

WE were stirring early upon the morning We were stirring early upon the morning succeeding the raid upon Canada, and after breakfast went down to the boats in company with old Joe and Billy. The boats were long, light-built, but strong craft, furnished with a sufficient number of lines and "spoons," a box for the fish, and two short poles. Each man carried in the little locker in the bow, a kettle, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and various seasonings used in cookery, while the hotel cooks had put up, the night before, the necessaries for a square the night before, the necessaries for a square

meal, according to the orders of Viator.
We were soon in the boats and speeding away side by side across the water, the boats fairly leaping under the long, clean strokes of the oarsmen. The Clayton fishermen are some in a boat, and, although little given to "style," can pull all day without the least

sign of fatigue. As we pulled across toward the nearest fishing-ground, Billy, knowing at a glance our hopeless condition in regard to trolling, proceeded, in a low voice, to give us some information. Each boat is provided with three lines. Two are fastened on short poles—the ends of which are thrust into wooden sockets set into the sides of the boat, the poles crossing each other just in front of the middle thwart, upon which one of the fishermen—when there are two—takes his seat. In the stern of the boat a low chair is placed, and this chair is an apple of discord to the voyagers, as the man who sits in the stern has the best seat, and the privilege of handling the "stern line," a hundred and forty feet in length, and the most destructive of the three. The other lines are twenty feet shorter, which precludes the possibility of their running to-gether, or "fouling."

"Billy" was a glorious oarsman, and it was a sight to see the long ridges of his powerful muscle rise upon his bare brown arm as he bent forward for the stroke, and sent the light boat hissing through the wa-ter. Old Joe was no infant, and we reached the fishing-ground nearly together, when Tom and I, awkwardly enough, began to get out our lines. Viator, that sly old fisher, had already done this, and Joe's boat was moving slowly ahead, the bright spoons stood my friend, and I had the stern line and by the aid of Billy, who managed keep the boat in motion while giving Jim some assistance, the other lines were got out and Billy bent to his oars, keeping the boat in motion just enough to lift the lines off the

I held the stern line in my hand, by Billy's directions, and from time to time gave a little pull forward, and could hear the dull, tremulous vibration of the spoon, a hundred and forty feet astern. Suddenly, and without warning, as I pulled it forward, I felt a check upon the line and knew that I had struck a fish, and, turning, began to haul in, hand over hand, letting the line drop in a coil into the bottom of the boat as took it in. Pandemonium broke out in the boat at once, and we, usually staid and sober members of society, pronounced words which would have placed us under the so cial ban if uttered in the shadow of a

"Easy, easy," said Billy. "Don't give him any slack if you can help it, Mr. S.;

him any stack if you can help is, art. is, he's a pretty good 'un."

"A good 'un!" roared Jim. "Why, he's as long as my leg, There, you cussed fool! look out. You'll lose him, cuss you! Now, Timberhead, look out! Pull easy, won't you? Steady, can't you? There he is-

You've got one on that right-hand note said Billy. "Look out now; take the pole out and pass the end over to me. That brings the line close to the side and you can get at

A moment more and Jim was at it, hauling away on a big fish, in a fever of excitement lest my fish should by any chance be bigger than his own, and perspiring with the fear of losing him. Foot by foot I dropped the line upon the bottom of the boat, and now a long, pointed head and serrated jaw was thrust out of the water, forty feet

'Pickerel, that is," said Billy. "'Bout

seven pound, I should say Do you call that a big one, Billy?" I said, eagerly.

"Fair to middlin'," said Billy. "They won't avridge seven pound by no manner of means. This gentleman has got a buster, but he'll lose him, sure as fate, if he lets him have slack that way. Now, Mr. Scribbler, now! Haul him up by the side of the boat, and catch him just back of the gills. Pinch

pretty tight." I obeyed orders, and picked out of the water a fish which weighed within two ounces of the weight given it by Billy, and in a moment more he was lying securely in the box, and my line running out again. Having a little leisure, and swelling with importance at the idea of having grassed the first fish, I began to watch Jim and to assist him in an uproar which would have made demons shed tears of envy. amount of ornamental blasphemy which he wasted upon that particular fish, upon me, upon Billy, upon all the world, may be imagined when a "wall-eyed bass"-a trout—suddenly sprung head on out of the water, shook himself free from the spoon, and went down into the clear depths, fol-

lowed by maledictions both loud and deep, from the lips of the unhappy fisher.

I won't mention just the words he used, because you know there are some things better imagined than described, and, course, it cut him to the soul to see the look of calm superiority I assumed, because I had blundered into saving my fish and he had failed. Billy added to his discomfort by saying it was the biggest "wall-eye" he had seen that season, and that it was a great loss. This Job's comfort made Jim madder than ever, and for a small amount of earthly lucre he would have buried me and my supercilious smile beneath the surface of the St. Lawrence.

And old Joe was not idle while we blundered. As I held the stern line in my hand, and Jim, with much reviling, was letting his run out again, I saw Viator seize the pole in front and pass it over to old Joe, while he began to take in the stern-line. Hardly had he begun to pull, when we knew that he had fastened on a "big 'un," for we saw the old fellow settle back and lay his weight on the line as he hauled away, and the stout linen fairly rung as the

fish leaped.
"Got a muskalunge, sure as you live!"

Got a muskalunge, sure as you live; said Billy. "Big 'un, too."

Just then we caught a glimpse of the huge head of the monster rising from the foam, and Viator uttered a victorious whoop and hauled away with might and main. I never encourage the feeling of envy. It is mean, unsportsmanlike and foolish in the extreme, but I did envy Viator the untold happiness of hauling in that fish. It is no use to reflect that I should have lost him in two seconds, as I should infallibly have done had I been at the line. Old Joe stopped rowing and lifted a gaff hook and by ped rowing and lifted a gaff hook, and by the united strength of the two men a long graceful fish, weighing thirty-four pounds was landed in the boat—the first big muscalonge of the season!

good qualities had admitted him to Glyndon Mansard's parlor, and the society of his beautiful and sole child, Myrtle. The young clerk had access to the vaults, and his duties called him beyond those massive doors frequently. Then how easy was it for him to abstract the precious store, for none would ever deem him guilty, if, indeed the theft was ever discovered.

deed, the theft was ever discovered.

Glyndon Mansard did not question the detective regarding their destination as they hurried down the great thoroughfare, and when Keeneye paused upon the stoop of a royal building, he guessed what beast dwelt

beyond the portals.

A colored servant admitted them, and through a circular opening in a door they gazed upon the fighters of the tiger, while from the gamblers they remained con-

"Do you see him?" questioned Glyndon Mansard, with his eyes riveted upon Abel Keeneye, who was looking through the

"Do be patient, Mr. Mansard; the room is quite full to-night, and— Ha! by my soul! yonder he is. Why did I not see him

"Where, Abel Keeneye?" cried the excited banker, clutching the man-hunter's arm and jerking him from the door. "Where, where is the man you accuse of these or.

The detective designated a youth who sat at a marble-topped card-table in the furthest corner of the room.

The banker gazed upon the marked one a long time before he spoke. He felt that he saw before him the clerk who, for years, had been above suspicion—the man who had handled thousands of his and the public's money—the one with whom he had lic's money—the one with whom he had trusted his only child, and he believed that Myrtle loved him. The sight threw Glyndon Mansard into a rage, turned his respec into bitter malignance, and had not Abel Keeneye restrained him, he would have rushed through the players, and accused the clerk of the crime imputed to him.

"I reiterate that I never stole a dollar," was the quick and honesty-burdened reply, "and, Glyndon Mansard, were it not for your gray hairs, and the lovely creature who calls you father, this clenched hand had long since sent you to the floor. Sir, I crave the trial you refuse me. Before a court, sir, I could prove my innocence—prove that you never saw me in a gambling-

Glyndon Mansard smiled.

"Go!" he shouted a moment later. "Go! gambler—thief—ingrate—"
"Father! father!" and a pair of lovely white hands encircled the passioned banker's arm, "cease! cease! I love him."
The old man did cease, but turned with the furr of the tirer woon his child

"I love Walter, and more, father, this

his daughter's shoulder.
"Myrtle, recall that promise—tear from your heart whatever affection you bear you

"Then from beneath your roof Igo!" she cried, unhesitatingly, "for I believe him as innocent of your charges as the babe un-

Glyndon Mansard groaned, but he was not the man to retract a single uttered sentence. The sternness of heart exhibited in his younger years, had grown with the wan-

ing lustrum He knit his lips with anger and pain, and stepping from his daughter's side, threw wide the door that opened into the bank

officer's private room. It was all he said, and hand in hand the accused and accursed walked from the old

man's presence. "The giddy girl!" he murmured, "she'll soon consider, and tear the burglar from her heart; then she will come to the pater-

Thus, by the suicide's pistol, was honor vindicated, and to-day, in Cincinnati, a bank window bears the names of "Manthe fury of the tiger upon his child. "What!" sard & Edgarton !" hand is promised him."

The banker's skinny hand rudely gripped Forecastle Yarns. BY C. D. CLARK. thief, or else," his voice trembled for he dearly loved his child, "or else, go out into the world homeless, accursed, the villain's III .- THE MAST-HEAD TRAGEDY. "WHAT had sent young George Carter to sea before the mast was only known to himself, for he never spoke of his previous life to any of his shipmates. I'm an old sailor, and I've seen rough usage in my day, but never yet has any thing touched me so deeply as this story I am about to tell. There was something so winning in the ways of this poor lad, his smiling face, and his golden brown hair, which made me his

> tricks usually played on boys were attempted on him. Poor lad! his was a hard fate, and I, his friend, am left to write his story.
> "He had one enemy, and one in whose power it was to do him great injury—the second-mate—a dark-faced, savage-looking man from Maine. I've seen hard faces in my time, but never one I dreaded more than that of "Cranky Bill," otherwise Mr. William Sloan, second-mate of the Curlew. His under jaw stuck out below the upper, and a cut he had got from a knife had drawn down the under lip and made him look as if he was always laughing. It wasn't a winning smile, though, and we were afraid of him to a man. For why? He was the

friend from the moment he set foot on our

decks. The rest of the men before the mast seemed to agree with me, for none of the

cashier of the Citizens' Bank, was arrested, and confessed his crime. He wanted money, and hoped, after the punishment of

the innocent clerk, to wed Myrtle Mansard. Abel Keeneye soon discovered the cashier to be the true thief; but the twain resolved

to work together, and accidentally encountered Edgarton's dissolute double, whom

they molded to their liking.

The day that followed Glyndon Man-

sard's discovery, Walter Edgarton and Myrtle returned to the banker's home, and the wedding that soon followed was the

most brilliant hymeneal affair of the sea-

sort of chap to catch up a handspike, or a belaying-pin, and give it to a man over the head 'thout any why or wherefore, and we didn't like it, nohow.
"I don't know why he hated George, but hate him he did, and I could see he meant to do him harm. Time and ag'in I've seen him thrash that boy with a piece of knotted marlin until he was black all over, and for nothing, too. The captain didn't know it, bless you, because we were not such Johnny Raws as to go and tell him! If we had, there ain't many whaling captains going to there ain't many whaling captains going to interfere between an officer and the men, no matter what the men do. They've got to keep the men down, because, if they do

learn their power, Lord help the officers, that's all! So George took his coltings like a man and didn't complain. We got into the North Seas, passed through the straits, and George was standing forward, doing no harm whatever, when he happened to stum-ble on a coil of rope and tipped over a can of spirits the mate had set ag'inst the bulk-heads of the fok'sel. The mate came for-ward and caught up a bucket of water and

emptied it all over the boy, and you know how cold the water is in those seas. "'Go aloft and cool off now, you young monkey! Shin up to the fore-to'-gallant cross-trees and wait till I call you.'

"George looked at him and his lips began to quiver, but the mate ran at him like a tiger, and scared the poor boy so that he jumped for the ratlins and went up to the cross-trees. It was bitter cold—the coldest day we had yet-but the brute didn't care for that. I seen what he had done and went below, put on a long pea-coat and began to go aloft, but the blag'ard saw

"'Stetson, ahoy! where are you going

"'Up into the top, to look out for spouts,' But he knew that I was going up to give the boy the coat, because he knew that I liked him.

"'Lay down from aloft, you, Stetson,' he ared. 'I'll send you aloft if I want you roared. Of course there was nothing for it but to come down, and I stayed on deck, looking up once in awhile to the cross-trees, where the boy sat in the bitter wind. I knew he was drenched to the skin, and I tried to call the mate's attention to it by offering to swab up the water on the deck. "'Never you mind, Stetson,' he said

That young swab took most of it aloft

"'It's mighty cold up there, sir, and—' I didn't wait to finish, for he caught up a belaying-pin and made for me, and I ran below. Half an hour after, I looked up the companion, and saw George seated on the cross-trees, with his arm round the mast, and 'Cranky Bill' planking the deck below him. I didn't dare to go on deck while he was there, and his watch lasted half an hour longer. I never passed a longer thirty minutes than then. Twice I thought I heard the boy hailing the deck, but I couldn't tell sure; but when the mate's watch was up I went on deck, and the captain was there. I determined to tell him, if I died for it, and went up and touched my hat and asked if he would please call the boy down, because his clothes were wet and he would freeze. The captain looked up and saw him, and called him down. George didn't answer, and I looked at the captain, and neither of us needed to say a word, for I was up the rigging like a cat

frozen into his curly hair, sat little George, "Yes, dead. He went up to the top drenched through, and the fierce wind soon chilled him so that he could neither move nor speak. We took him down and made the mate come on deck and look his victim in the face, and then only because we loved the captain were we kept from putting him where he had put the boy. But he had his punishment, for, after he had lain a day or two in the "brig," we found him raving and tearing at the bars because he said George had come into the "brig" and put his icy hands upon his heart. And, two days after, he died miserably, and if ever a And, two

man deserved a horrible death, he was the

and got to the boy. It was as I was afeard. There, with his cold cheek pressed against

the mast, and an icy dew upon his face, his

blue eye staring wide open, and the water

THE BANK CLERK.

No use to talk of fishing after that! The lines were taken up, the boats headed for each other, and for half an hour we had it, hob and nob, over the mighty prize. Then we separated and went on our way, doing mighty execution among the finny tribes and when the sun was at meridian we land ed on the island, where Joe and Billy, shepherds both, began the preparation of an unctuous feast.

The Bank Clerk.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"WELL, Mr. Keeneye, what success?" This question fell from the lips of one of the prominent bank presidents of Cincinnati, and was addressed to a shrewd-look ing middle-aged man, who bore the appearce of a detective.

A private room contained the twain, and ust before putting the question, Glyndon Mansard had turned on the gas, for the

room was growing dark.
"What success?" echoed Abel Keeneye. Ah! I wish you had not asked that ques

The bank president started. "And why, Mr. Keeneye?" he said. "Is the trail of the purloiner yet covered?" "No," and a blush of triumph illumined

the man-hunter's face; "quite the reverse, my dear Mansard. I have unearthed the 'Ha!" exclaimed the old man, for Glyndon Mansard's hair was white as snow-

flakes; "and pray who is he?" Walter Edgarton." "Walter Edgarton? Somebody has been

leading you over a false trail." Then come with me, and I will prove The detective rose with self-confident air and a minute later the twain were hurrying

down Fifth street, destined for one of the

many fashionable gaming-houses in which

the Queen City of the West abounds. Glyndon Mansard could not believe his trusted clerk the purloiner of the missing bank-notes which, from time to time, had mysteriously disappeared from the vault Now but ten dollars would be taken, then fifty would disappear, as suited the whim or need of the thief. He felt that the bank walls inclosed the rascal, and for several weeks Abel Keeneye, an experienced Chicago detective, had espionaged the employes of the institution—at last with

president. Walter Edgarton had been in the bank's employ for five years, and during this period not a whisper against his honesty had reached the ears of the officers or public. Upon his earnings a mother, smitten very peculiar fish, and "gamey" as a with bodily affliction, depended, and his correct?"

the result he had just broken to the aged

banker, calming his turbulent spirit; "but to-morrow I confront him with his villainy, and from the 'Citizens' Bank' he walks a disgraced man. Oh, to think how I have trusted him for five years—trusted him with every thing dear to me. But that is not the worst of it; would to God it were and the banker groaned as he turned his

face from the detective. You've tracked him here before, you say?" continued Mr. Mansard.

"Yes; for five consecutive nights he has, to my personal knowledge, fought the striped brute in this gaudy lair. Last night

he lost one thousand dollars." " By Heaven! he shall suffer for this villainous breach of trust, and if Myrtle clings to him, I'll send her out into the cold world with a gray-haired father's curse. No daughter of mine shall love a thief," Then Abel Keeneye took the banker's

arm, and they passed into the street. "Glyndon Mansard, I deny the allegations, one and all. Sir, I never purloined a sum of money in all my life. I have entered your vaults and handled yours and the eople's gold; and, sir, I left it as I found it. These hands have never shuffled the damning cards; these feet have yet to cross

the accursed threshold of the tiger's den Glyndon Mansard shrunk aghast from the indignant speaker-indignant that he should be charged with a crime from which the better nature of man shrinks with

"What!" he cried, at length, "Walter Edgarton, do you deny that you were in the tiger's lair last night?" "I do!" and the lips closed with determined emphasis upon the last word.

"And pray where were you, then-at nine o'clock? The words were clothed in a bitter sneer. "Not a word, girl. I'll talk to you directly," was the cruel interruption. "Now,"

to Walter Edgarton. "I was with your daughter."
The banker looked at Myrtle, who was about to speak, but he silenced her with his

I see the deluded girl is ready to confirm any statement you may make," he said glancing at the clerk again. "But you can't checkmate me. Why, sir, you wear the same clothes you wore last night, and I never dreamed of the impudence you possess Walter Edgarton, from this moment you are a disgraced man. I refrain from bringing you before a court of justice, upon your poor mother's account. But I shall brand you a thief all over the Queen City, and wherever you go the thief's mark will blot your brow. Now, sir, how much money have you stolen? We have made the aggregate nineteen thousand dollars. Are we

"Perhaps 'tis best, Keeneye," said the | nal nest again. But that guilty man! and banker, calming his turbulent spirit; "but | to think that he should add falsehood to his other crimes! As Walter Edgarton stepped into the

bank, he grasped the cashier's hand. "Time will straighten out this," he said.
"I am entangled in a network of conspiracy; but soon, sir, I will stand clear of the meshes, and vindicate my assailed honor to The cashier smiled hopefully; but when

the twain turned their backs upon him, he shook his head and murmured: Never!"

From the private business room of the Citizens' Bank, wherein the scenes just recorded were enacted, Walter Edgarton took the woman he loved to his own humble home, in a distant part of the Queen City, and betook himself to the vindication of his character. His first search was for Abel Keeneve

the detective; but that individual, after ob-taining a goodly sum for his work, had left the city, and the bank clerk trailed him to Chicago, his home, in vain. He seemed to know that an injured man was on his The young couple's future seemed an end-

less night, and men who once respected the trusted clerk, now pointed the finger of scorn at him, till it seemed as though he must believe himself guilty.
"I wonder what's become of them?"
mused Glyndon Mansard, one night, "and
I wonder, too, if he still fights the tiger?

Half an hour later he entered the striped beast's den, and stood among its excited "Ha! there he is!" he suddenly exclaim-

ed, and, seized with an uncontrollable im-

pulse, he stepped toward the distant wall, his eyes riveted upon—Walter Edgarton?
All at once the old banker paused. The young man had staggered from the table, with a revolver clutched in his hand.
"The lost all all?" he gried. "The characters are the staggered from the stagger "I've lost all, all!" he cried. "I'm a beg-

gar, and now the revolver is trumps Men sprung forward to prevent the suicidal act; but they were too late—the man was dying when they reached his side.

"Here! old man, ain't your name Man-

His eyes rested upon the banker.

"Then listen. For money to gamble, I impersonated the honest man whose counterpart my features are-not my heart George Byron and Abel Keeneye me for their purpose. I am not Walt Edgarton, as you see now. George Byron is the thief; believe me, old man, for I am Glyndon Mansard was astounded, and be-

fore he could speak the suicide—the arch villain's tool-was dead.

A few minutes later George Byron, the

